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SUMMARY OF NEWS.

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Politics of Europe.

West India Colonists.—The case of the West India colonists has been before the House of Commons. Their situation seems to be still more hopeless and desperate than that even of the English agriculturists; and it is singular that the distresses of both arise principally from the same cause—that of over production. In 1806 and 1807, the market was so completely overloaded with West India sugars, that their price, instead of affording any profit to the planter, sunk so low as to be totally inadequate to defray the expense of raising and bringing them to market. But no man will continue a disadvantageous production; and had Ministers not interfered to open factitious markets for the sale of sugar, coffee, &c., their supply would have been long since proportioned to the real demand. Instead, however, of leaving the producers and consumers to adjust matters themselves, Ministers compelled the distillers to use sugar instead of grain; they also granted high bounties on its exportation, and bribed foreigners to buy the sugar of Jamaica rather than of Martinique or Cuba! The consequences of this conduct are such as might easily have been foreseen from the beginning. The demand of the distillers, by relieving the market of the glut of sugar, occasioned a rise of price. This rise of price naturally stimulated its farther production, and attracted fresh capital to a business which ought to have been partially, or rather totally abandoned. The supply of sugar, instead of being diminished, has been increased; but owing to the fall in the price of corn, it has become impossible to continue the prohibition against distillation from grain, so that the distress of the planters is now greater than ever!

Since the partial relaxation of the East India Company's exclusive privilege, a considerable quantity of sugar has been imported from our Eastern Empire. But the spirit of monopoly has already interfered to put down this growing traffic! A temporary act was passed last year, which laid such a comparatively high duty on East India sugar as was calculated to give a complete monopoly of the home market to the West Indians. The distress of the latter, and the necessity of relieving them, was urged as an excuse for this measure. But this distress has not been diminished since, and we observe that the West India planters are already exerting themselves to procure a renewal and extension of the temporary act which expires early next year. We call upon the public in general to oppose such a senseless and iniquitous project. Instead of making a nearer approach to the sound principles on which all commercial intercourse ought to be conducted, we are daily plunging deeper into the mire and filth of restrictions. The over production of the West India planters is their own error; let them rectify it; let them produce less, and the price will rise to its proper level, but do not let the whole country be taxed, and the increasing and profitable trade with the East Indies fettered and restricted, that a few West India planters may be induced to linger in a disadvantageous employment.

But then it is said, that if East India sugars be not loaded with a heavier duty than West India sugar, the latter will be entirely driven from the market, and the cultivation of sugar plantations in Jamaica and the other West India islands will have to be totally abandoned. We confess are not all alarmed at this

consequence. If we can procure sugar at a lower price from one of our dependencies than from another, it would puzzle a conjurer to discover any good reason why we should not be allowed to buy from the cheapest! A bill to protect the corn growers of England against the competition of the corn growers of Scotland, would, we presume, be generally considered, at least in this part of the empire, as alike impolitic, oppressive, and absurd; but, in point of fact, such a bill would not be one jot more objectionable in principle, than the existing law to protect the sugar growers of our West India dominions against the competition of those of our East India dominions. The advocates for the abolition of the slave trade ought, equally with the advocates of commercial freedom, to exert themselves to prevent the continuance of the high duty on East India sugars. Whenever the latter are admitted freely into the markets of Europe the slave trade will be put an end to, but not till then. Free labour is so high in the West Indies, as to hold out an overwhelming inducement to import slaves, while in the East Indies it is so low as wholly to exclude the possibility of their importation. A double advantage would thus be gained by allowing the free introduction of sugars from the East, subject to the same *ad valorem* duty with those from the West. We should be able to obtain one of the principal necessities of life at about half the price it now costs, and a decisive blow would be given to that detestable traffic in human flesh, which is at this moment, in spite of all that has been done for its suppression, carried on to a greater extent than ever. Our East India Empire could easily produce sugars to serve the whole market of Europe; and the low price for which they could be sold would recommend them to the Prussians, Russians, Italians, and others, who are not fortunate enough to possess a *slave-holding interest* and a set of charnel houses in the West Indies. The case at issue between the East and West India Merchants does not merely involve the single question, whether we shall be obliged to pay 6½d. a-pound for sugar we might otherwise obtain for 9½d.; (Mr. Smith's speech, 17th current,) but it also involves the question, whether the slave trade shall be abolished in fact as well as in law?—whether we shall remove the present irresistible temptations to commit a crime we have rendered punishable by death. We have not space to enter farther on this deeply important subject at present—but it is ably discussed in a pamphlet by Mr. Cropper of Liverpool, to which we beg leave to call the attention of our readers. Nothing can be more conclusive than Mr. Cropper's statements. His views are equally enlightened and profound; and discover throughout that active and disinterested spirit of benevolence which so eminently distinguishes the sect (Quakers) to which Mr. Cropper belongs.—*Scotsman*.

Ireland.—The Protestant Establishment in Ireland forms an almost inexhaustible fund for Parliamentary corruption, and it is one particularly agreeable to Ministers, as it is very much out of the sight of the British public. It is, therefore, frequently used for this convenient purpose, with no regard to decency. Thus, a Lieutenant in the Navy has been made an Archbishop; a Member of the Imperial House of Commons, a Dean;—a Proprietor, and I believe, Editor of a Newspaper, a Chancellor of a Diocese;—and an Aid-de-Camp, a rich Rector. And all this in times when "moral considerations" have been impudently pretended to influence Government by one Member of it, who unhappily,

has had too large a share in the councils that have prevailed in Ireland.

If the astonishing magnitude of the endowment of the Irish hierarchy were known to the people of England, it cannot be doubted, but that various considerations would produce such a reform in the division of its revenues, as without subtracting any portion of property from the church, would prevent for ever the recurrence of the pernicious abuse to which it now gives occasion. It is calculated, if Armagh should fall to the lot of a man of the age of the younger Beresford, when he was consecrated Bishop of Raphoe, and he should run his life against the lessees, that its annual income would be little short of 140,000*l*. It commands besides the representation of the rotten city of Armagh, without any opposition. Cashel and Meath equally require regulation, as well as all the others (excepting perhaps two,) when their seats shall be void. The annual income of Derry, Kilmore, Waterford, and Clogher, if out of lease, it is computed would be upon an average 100,000*l*. each. The practice that has prevailed, is to grant leases upon the ancient rents, for 21 years, and renew every third and seventh year, in consideration of fines. The late Bishop of Clogher, the Cambridge tutor of that eminent statesman, Lord Westmorland, left 300,000*l*. to his family, accumulated from these fines—not one farthing of which will again find its way into poor starving Ireland!

The greater part of the Irish Sees are enjoyed by the families of the Marquises of Waterford and Ely, Lords Northland, Caledon, Roden, Hoath, Kilkenny, Balcarras, Mayo, &c. &c. Among whom one looks in vain for a single distinguished scholar or celebrated divine.

The Bishops possess a patronage greater in value than that of all the English Bishops and the Lord Chancellors united. And the Minister's livings in Ireland are ten times more numerous and valuable than those he has to bestow in England. Of the Bishops livings in Ireland, there are 1,500, and of the Ministers 300. A benefice among them not exceeding 500*l*. per annum, is not known—many are 1,500*l*. and not a few in every diocese from two to four thousand pounds. The Deaneries, &c. &c. in the gift of the Crown, are of great value. These good things are divided among the brothers, sons, and cousins of the patrons, and the Parliamentary supporters of Administration.

Church of Ireland.—Never was there a richer church in proportion to the number of its members, than the Church of Ireland; yet there never was any Church more completely useless. The Catholics and other dissenters from the Church form probably nine-tenths of the population, and have been increasing for years in comparative weight and importance. To see the apparatus of the Church in Ireland; Bishops and Archbishops suddenly raising enormous fortunes for their families; rich incumbents among a starving ignorant peasantry; the Proctors at work; the thousands of suits for subtraction of tithes at the Quarter Sessions; the distresses in execution of the decrees; and the murders and burnings in revenge for the distresses; to see this without the previous training of habit, and to be told that all this was contrived for the purpose of supporting a religion, the great and amiable characteristics of which are the discouragement of ostentation and pride and the encouragement of equality, an especial sympathy for the poor, the interchange of acts of kindness, the entire absence of violence, and the ascendancy of the arts of persuasion, would make us wonder at the grotesque contradiction between the end and the means. The fact is, no Church has ever been established or supported by wealth. The Methodists in England have, of late years, been necessary to the support of the establishment, and even in Catholic countries where parts of the establishment, have been rich the ruling religion has been, in fact, defended by the exertions of the poorer cures and the mendicant friars.

It is manifest that it can be for no regard for the Protestant Ascendancy, as it is called, that this ill-used wealth will be continued to be lavished on the Irish Clergy. It can be for no regard to "vested interests" or the rights of property. While the Clergy in Ireland continue too rich to work, and while

their wealth is wrong from a wretched peasantry, Protestantism never can prevail among the population, and consequently, never can be secure of a permanent existence. It is from no regard to "vested rights," Bishopricks and other dignities are all in the gift of the Crown, and the livings are chiefly in the gift of the Crown and the dignitaries. Nothing therefore stands in the way of a complete though gradual reform of the Irish Church, and an almost immediate provision for the education of the Irish people, but the want of the will to effect it; unless we add the necessity of maintaining the influence of the Crown on the Houses of Parliament, which, under the present state of the Representation, is the all prevailing for the support of every costly abuse in every part of our establishments.—*Glasgow Chronicle*.

Venice.—The splendid circular panorama of Venice opened yesterday (May 20) in the Rotunda, George's Square. It is the finest piece of the kind, not even excepting Seringapatam. It places the spectator at once, in the midst of all the mouldering, but yet visible magnificence, of Venice. The piazza of St. Mark lies at your feet, surrounded with the finest possible ranges of old demisaraonic architecture, the walls of every edifice blazing with tapestries and banners, every window full of flowers, every roof crowded with mimics and laughing boys. The whole of the immense area below, shows like the beau ideal of Vanity Fair. There are mountebanks, apes, buffoons, processions, scuffles, merriment, gaudiness, glitter, endless and boundless. Turn to the blue sea, which meets every where around, the embrace of the light Italian heavens, and observe the Lion of St. Mark yeat floating there against sea and sky; turn to the Old Church, with all its gilded cupolas, and mosaic covered walls, and twisted pillars, and oriental windows; and last of all, turn to the two beautiful Egyptian columns, and observe near them some hundred or two, white coated, black gaitered Austrians, drawn up to the sound of fife and drum, by the side of a field piece. Look at this beautiful picture, the mind absorbed in admiration, forgets that the scene is ideal, and the eye gazes on the charming vision which the busy and pleased fancy endows with reality.

Horatio Orton.—A true bill was on Thursday (May 23) found against Horatio Orton, for his assault on the ex-sheriff Parkins. The defendant having, on being asked where he lived, said that he was to be found at the house of Mr. Alderman Atkins, the treasurer to the Bridge-street Society, an officer was sent thither to apprehend him.

Police Court.—At the police Court last week, a respectable shopkeeper in Perth was fined in 5*l*. for beating his wife. In a case where the wife is a perfect Xantippe, it may sometimes appear hard to punish the husband because he has not all the stoicism of Socrates; but such, fortunately for our fair readers, is the law of the land—their tongues are their own, and the husband has no alternative but to scold again, where he would be most unequally matched, or to submit in quietness.—*Perthshire Courier*.

Straw Hats.—A correspondent in the Manchester Guardian recommends to his townsmen to wear straw hats during the summer, which will not only give comfort to the heads of the wearers; but, by affording employment to a great number of females out of situations, give ease to the hearts of an industrious class.

Discordant Notes.—At a Corporation dinner a few days since, the Common Serjeant was called upon for a song. "Oh, no," said he, "my voice is never heard but in very discordant notes."—"I beg your pardon, replied Mr. Browne, "I have heard it transport many!"

Brighton.—There is now adjourning at Brighton, a gentleman 92 years of age, who was never before ten miles from London, and who, it is said, frequented an Inn, in Bishopsgate-street daily for upwards of 50 years, and at which, it is further reported, he lately allowed himself five bottles of port wine *per diem*, and that upon calculation and proof, it appeared he had actually drank at the abovementioned house, no less a quantity than 35,600 bottles, or 57 pipes of that generous and genial juice!—*Leves paper*.

Prison Labour.—From the Enquirer.

The laudable exertions which have been recently made by the magistracy throughout the kingdom, to introduce labour into prisons are highly gratifying; and in the manufacturing counties, where there are fewer difficulties in this respect than in other districts, the employment of prisoners has been carried on at a considerable profit. The following particulars furnish the reader with a general idea of the trades and occupations at which prisoners have been employed.

At the new house of correction at Bedford, very considerable alterations and additions are making, and a stepping mill is building, in which the prisoners are to be employed, in separate classes. In the county gaol also, employment is provided by the establishment of a mill.

The employment of the prisoners at Kentsford is very various and considerable; viz. weaving of woollen, silk, and cotton articles, blankets and druggets; tailoring, shoe-making, joinery, loom-making, coopering white-washing, painting, nail-making, bricklaying, masonry, blacksmith's-work, straw-mattress and chip-hat making. At this prison, the net earnings, from 25th December 1820 to 25th March 1821. (for which period the average number in confinement amounted to 125 daily,) were 196l. 7s. 7d., the cost of food 167l. 19s. 3d.,—being a clear profit to the county, beyond the cost of food, of 28l. 8s. 4d.

At Bodmin, the prisoners are employed in threshing and grinding corn, sawing and polishing stones for chimney-pieces, tomb-stones, &c.; also in making clothing, shoes, and blankets. The females are employed in spinning and knitting; making, mending, and washing clothes for the service of the prison.

The county house of correction at Exeter, although deficient in space for accommodation, presents a gratifying scene of systematic industry. The prisoners are employed in sawing, grinding, smoothing, and polishing marble. Vases are turned, and beautiful specimens of chimney-pieces executed. The flax manufactory also in this prison is well managed, and carried on from the first process of dressing the dried vegetable to that of weaving it. To this manufacture those prisoners are placed who are committed for long periods of confinement: those for shorter terms are employed at dressing hemp. This process is carried on by means of a bruiser-mill, which is worked by the manual labour of twelve men in a set. Vagrants are also kept at hard labour. The women are fully employed in washing mangling, and mending, the prison clothing.

At Durham gaol, weaving, spinning, beating flax, and making door mats, are the general employments.

At Chelmsford county house of correction, a master-weaver is employed by the county to teach some of the prisoners to weave coarse linens. A corn-mill has been erected, at which the prisoners work in companies of twenty at a time. Shoemaking, spinning, and weaving, have also been introduced.

At Gloucester, a mill has recently been erected, and there is a forcing-pump, worked by a tread-wheel. The prisoners weave and manufacture cloth, sacking, saddle-girths, towels, and stockings.

At Winchester house of correction, two corn-mills are in daily operation, which employ twenty-eight men at one time. The convicts, dresses and shoes are made in the prison; and the women card and spin and make the clothing.

At Hereford penitentiary, a corn-mill has been built; and the prisoners are employed in making clothing, shoes, bedding, and in the manufacturing of bags, for sale, from the raw material.

At Lancaster Castle, from thirty-eight to fifty pieces of Manchester cotton's are worked-off per week. The amount of earnings for the last year is stated to be 860l.

At the Manchester New Bailey, weaving is the general employment of the prison. The amount of earnings, up to July 1820, for one year, amounted to 2056l. 6s. 10d.

Preston house of correction is justly distinguished by the industry which prevails.

At Leicester county house of correction, the employments are grinding corn, carding wool, spinning, and a stocking manufactory.

At Boston, the prisoners are employed in the manufacture of worsted, and the grinding of corn.

At the Milbank penitentiary, a mill has been erected for grinding corn consumed in the establishment; also a machine for raising water; and another mill, with a similar machine, is to be erected, for the employment of other prisoners, in a distinct part of the building. The amount of the prisoners' earnings, during the last year, was 4057l. 4s.

At Shrewsbury, a mill has been erected, which employs eighteen men at one time, and the prisoners changed this labour three times in the day; the remaining prisoners are employed in weaving laces, making

list shoes, &c. The female prisoners are employed in baking, washing, spinning, knitting stockings and gloves, also making the sheets and wearing-apparel consumed in the gaol.

At Stafford, all the prisoners, excepting those before trial, are employed in dressing flax, spinning, weaving cloth for prison clothing, rugs, blankets, knitting stockings, heading pins for the Birmingham manufacturers, shoemaking, tailoring, and grinding corn.

At Lewes house of correction, the prisoners are employed in dressing flax and beating hemp.

In the house of correction at Warwick, work appears to be carried on with much spirit. The mill for grinding corn employs twenty men or upwards, and from a bakehouse adjoining supplies of excellent bread are regularly conveyed to this and the county gaol, and the saving to the county from this alone is estimated at some hundreds of pounds per annum. Wire-drawing is carried on, and the prisoners perform the whole process. They are also employed in a woollen manufacture, which is very successful. Rugs, blankets, horse-cloths, carpets, girths, and other coarse articles are also made. The females are chiefly employed in spinning and carding wool.

At Devizes, some of the prisoners, in their working-cells are employed in knitting their own stockings, making gloves, shoes, straw hats, weaving shirting, blanketing, and cloth. Another class of prisoners is employed at various kinds of work for the use of the prison—tailoring, shoemaking, &c. There is a corn-mill, at which sixteen men work at one time.

At Northleach, Gosport, Huntingdon, and Lonth, mills have been erected for the purpose of employing the prisoners, although not on the trade-wheel system.

Sheffield Meeting.

On the 16th of May a numerous and respectable meeting of the inhabitants of Sheffield was held, and subscriptions entered into for the relief of the distressed Irish. Several excellent speeches were made on the occasion, from one of which we make the following extract:—

The Rev. THOMAS SMITH alluded to the singular circumstance of Ireland, the richest and most fertile portion of this empire—the granary of Britain, enduring absolute famine in the midst of plenty. The more obvious cause of such an anomaly is, that a long series of events has divided Ireland into infinitesimal fractions; upon each fragment there is a cabin or den where the wretched bipeds and the less wretched quadrupeds, roll in filthy wretchedness, strangers to the comforts or the conveniences of life. The very utmost that the Irishman expects is—not to be put on a footing with English horses and Scottish peasants, to feed upon oats—not to equal the English peasant or artizan—that is a thing which never entered the imagination of his thoughts. Animal food is like forbidden fruit to him. All his hopes are limited to the watery nutriment of the roots of the earth. When all is well, by the greatest exertions he may get his potatoes and his butter milk, and then he is happy. The accidental appropriation of some of his own bacon to feed his own family, is an event of rare occurrence and high congratulation. But let the potatoe crop fail—then there is no substitute, no refuge. He has no trade, no money, no resource. His lord is absent—his immediate superiors have not the power, if they had the inclination, to help him. He digs his potatoe field a second time—he must dig up his seed potatoes, and when these fail, he must—lie down and die. Such is the deplorable result of causes that have been at work for ages, and which have accumulated evils at least of such a magnitude, as can no longer be controlled by artificial and temporary expedient; but they threaten to break out in some tremendous explosion, that will inundate the land in blood and ruin, dragging all that is civil and all that is sacred in its train.

No man is so stultified—none so insane as to imagine that things can go on long at this rate, or long continue in this condition. Some remedy, prompt and effectual, is immediately needful. But in the mean time, and in order to something better, the people must live.

Scotland is a cheering example of what may yet be done. She, like Ireland, long felt the weight of English influence, and the pressure of English arms. Long and desperate was the struggle which she made for independence and for freedom, and terrible was the retribution she sometimes inflicted on her enemies for the wrongs they heaped on her. The struggle of centuries was at length closed by Scotland granting a king to England, and accepting as the free states of Italy with Rome, an honourable alliance with the rival state. Thus the national honour was secured, and the national spirit was unbroken; the two nations readily coalesced, and have been so long and so thoroughly united that the memory of ancient animosities is buried in oblivion, and both are happy in the reciprocation of mutual favours. This picture has been reversed in the case of Ireland. Dreadful, then, as the state of Ireland is, I regard it as the crisis of her fate. The cry of her distress will awaken I trust the sympathies of the whole nation, and lead to measures pregnant with great and lasting good.

Carelessness of Counsel.

(Letter in a London Paper.)

SIR,

The statement that a Barrister, being retained as Counsel for a prisoner, on coming into court, found the trial over, and his unfortunate client convicted and sentenced to death, brings to my recollection the following similar incident which happened while I was in Court, during my Shrievalty, in September 1820:—A genteel young man was accused by a woman, supported by the evidence of her daughter, of having gone into her house, and torn the ear-rings from her, ears and watch from her side, with which he attempted to escape, but was secured by one of her cronies—a watchman. The case appeared clear against the unfortunate young man, attended with many aggravating circumstances, which filled my mind with horror at his cruelty. The Judge asked what he had to say for himself; when he appeared greatly embarrassed, being very timid, and said he had left the business to his Counsel. I inquired who his Counsel was; and my interference called the attention of the Judge, who finding the Barrister absent, inquired if he handed his brief to any of the Counsel in Court. They replied in the negative: on which another gentleman was requested to attend to the prisoner's case: but he said he had been reading a newspaper, and had not at all attended to the evidence; on which the Judge read it over, when the woman and her daughter were called back, and cross-examined, when they so materially contradicted each other, that it plainly appeared the man had been deceived into the woman's house, which was of ill-fame, and had never robbed her of anything! Of course he was acquitted. I also know of another case where a Counsel received a large retainer, and was not in Court at all during the trial! Application was afterwards made to him to return the money; but he refused, saying it was not the practice of the profession to return any thing they once got possession of. These instances would be enough of themselves, were there not a hundred similar cases, where the Counsel, who have been retained for prisoners at the Old Bailey, have been absent during their trials, under the shameful pretext of other engagements, or rather in the pursuit of their own greedy gain. To the disgrace of the bar be it said, I have heard many of them boast of having had retainers to attend three or four different Courts in the same day! Quere—If their advice be of any use, how can they, by such conduct, do justice to their clients? Nothing requires greater reformation than the abuse and abuses of the bar.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. W. PARKINS.

10, Bridge Street, May 25, 1822.

Newspaper Chat.

Middlesex County Courts.—A Correspondent complains of various abuses, which, he says, prevail in the Court now held in Kingsgate-street particularly in the amount of fees, and the delays experienced by the poor suitors in obtaining justice. Our Correspondent says, that if a poor man is summoned to this Court for a debt of ten shillings, and judgment is obtained against him, the costs will amount to eight shillings and ten-pence! He also asserts, that the rate of fees is totally disregarded by the Officers of the Court.—As the poorer classes of society are chiefly concerned in the proceedings of this Court, to obtain a few shillings may be of the utmost importance, and in respect to whom the smallest delay in obtaining justice may be productive of great suffering.—It is to be hoped that those whose duty it is to watch over the conduct of such minor Courts, will see if the charges are founded in truth; and if so, at once apply a remedy.

Union in Death.—Mr. Stewart, of Cross mount, died, in 1791, at the age of 104, being previously in perfect possession of all his faculties, and in such full habit of body, that his leg continued as well-formed and compact as at forty. He had a new tooth at the age of 96. Mrs. Stewart, to whom he had been married nearly 70 years, died on the Tuesday preceding his death. He was then in perfect health. He desired that the funeral should not take place for eight days, saying, he had now outlived his oldest earthly friend, and praying sincerely that he should be laid in the same grave. He kept his bed the second morning after her death, and died the following day, without pain or complaint. They were buried in the same grave, according to his wish.—*Col. Stewart's Sketches of the Manners, &c. of the Highlanders.*

St. James's Church.—I went to the new Church in St. James's (Dec. 1684) elegantly built: the altar was especially adorned; the white marble enclosure curiously and richly carved; the flowers and garlands about the walls by Mr. Gibbons, in wood. A Pelican with her young at her breast, just over the altar in the carved compartment and border, inlaid with the purple velvet fringed, with I. H. S. richly embroidered; and most noble plate, were given by Sir R. Geere, to the value of 200*l*. There was no altar anywhere in England, nor has there been any board, more handsomely adorned.—*Evelyn's Memoirs.*

Gentle Treatment.—Mr. Evelyn, describing a beautiful Turkish horse sent over to England, says, "I never beheld so delicate a creature—

somewhat of a bright bay, two white feet, a blaze; such a head, eyes, ears, neck, breast, belly, haunches, legs pasterns, and feet, in all regards beautiful and proportioned to admiration:—spirited, sound, nimble; making halt, turning with that swiftness, and in so small a compass, as was admirable. With all this so gentle and tractable, as called to mind what I remember Busbequius speaks of them, to the reproach of our grooms in Europe, who bring up their horses so churlishly, as makes most of them retain their ill habits."—Yes; just as our Rulers and Magistrates treat their erring fellow men, whose bad habits they increase rather than correct, by long and solitary imprisonments, whippings, and insufficient food.

Princess of Benevento.—Mrs. Le Grand, the wife of a Gentleman in the Civil Service in Bengal, was admired for her beauty, for the sweetness of her temper, and for her fascinating accomplishments. She attracted the attention of Mr. Francis (afterwards Sir Philip). This gentleman, by means of a rope ladder, got into her apartment in the night. After he had remained there about three quarters of an hour, there was an alarm, and Mr. Francis came down from the lady's apartment by the rope ladder, at the foot of which he was seized by Mr. Le Grand's servants. An action was brought by Mr. Le Grand against Mr. Francis in the Supreme Court of Calcutta. The judges were Sir Elijah Impey, Sir Robt. Chambers, and Mr. Justice Hyde. Sir Robert thought, that as no criminality had been proved, no damages should be given; but he afterwards proposed that 30,000 rupees (about 3,000*l*.) should be given. Mr. Justice Hyde was for giving 100,000 rupees. Sir Elijah was of opinion, that although no criminal intercourse had been proved, yet that the wrong done by Mr. Francis to Mr. Le Grand, in entering his wife's apartment in the night, and thereby destroying her reputation, ought to be compensated with liberal damages. He thought the sum of 30,000 rupees too small, and the 100,000 too large: he therefore proposed 50,000. This proposal was acquiesced in by his colleagues. Mrs. Le Grand was divorced: she was obliged to throw herself upon the protection of Mr. Francis for subsistence. After a short time she left him, and went to England. In London she fell into the company of M. Talleyrand Perigord. Captivated by her charms, he prevailed on her to accompany him to Paris, where he married her: and thus the insult which this lady received from Mr. Francis, and the loss of reputation, which was perhaps unjustly the consequence of that insult, eventually elevated her to the rank of Princess of Benevento.—*Nichols's Recollections.*

Lawyers.—In the reign of Edw. I. (in 1292) there were but 140 lawyers in England. Chancellor Fortescue assures us they increased in a little more than 100 years to about 2000. Lord Coke, in his Institutes, reckoned them at 10,000: and what their number is at present, we know not.

"The Preacher."—It was Dr. Foster, a Dissenter, who obtained the title of "the Preacher,"—such was his rare power in the pulpit. His action was judicious and graceful; his voice sweet, strong, distinct, harmonious, and his ear enabled him to manage it exactly as his matter required. He preached at the Old Jewry—where he was followed by persons of every rank—clergy, freethinkers, wits—the poet Pope very likely among them, as he thus speaks of the Dissenting Minister in the Epilogue to his Satires:—

"Let modest Foster, if he will, excel

"Ten Metropolitans in preaching well."

It was Dr. Foster who said, that "Where mystery begins, religion ends;" which proves at any rate that he was not a fanatic.

The Dwarf Couple.—Charles the Second, in one of his fits of jocularity, insisted on being present at the Marriage of Mr. Richard Gibson, the dwarf portrait painter, with Miss Ann Shepherd, who was also a dwarf. His Most Sacred Majesty gave away the bride. It was a very equal match, each of them measuring three feet ten inches. If their stature was short, their days were long in the land; for Gibson died in his 75th year, and his wife in her 89th. This miniature pair had nine children, five of which attained to maturity, were well proportioned, and of the usual stature of mankind. Waller wrote a poem on their Marriage, which begins thus—

"Design or chance makes others wive,

"But Nature did this match contrive:

"Eve might as well have Adam fled

"As she denied her little bed

"To him, for whom Heaven seem'd to frame

"And measure out this only dame."

Catholic Peers.—On Friday fortnight, the Catholic Peers' Bill was read a third time, and passed. Previously to the passing of the Bill, Mr. Secretary Peel presented a petition from the Parish of St. Louis, against the measure: which was received with much cheering and laughter. After the Bill was passed, a Gentleman turned to the Duke of Norfolk (who sat under the gallery) and observed, "Your Grace has now been emancipated by the Representatives of the People; it now remains to be seen whether the House of Lords will follow so excellent an example, or range themselves on the side of the Inhabitants of St. Luke."

MISCELLANEOUS.

—85—

On the Quarterly Review.

DURING my stay on the coast of Devonshire a "good-natured friend" sent me the *QUARTERLY REVIEW* for December last. The character of this publication is now pretty well understood by all parties. It flourishes, because it is industrious, because it is subservient to the opinions of Government and Governmentmen, and because it has as much talent, and no more, than is comfortable to the common-place. It flatters them in their prejudices; it helps them to look intelligent as well as prosperous; it is clever enough to amuse and instruct them, as far as the reigning corruptions will allow them to be instructed; it has even talent in it sufficient to make them proud, while at the same time it is by no means calculated to set their faculties on the stretch, or "over-inform" their respective "tenements of clay." And in this respect it may have the credit of being honest. There is doubtless a great deal of hypocrisy in some of the writers, but it lies on the moral and religious side. In politics, they may have tricked themselves into a belief that they are in earnest; or rather, their political notions being altogether of a worldly character, and the flourishing state of their party rendering them secure, whatever illiberal doctrines they advocate, they are enabled to be the less inciviliere on that point. You may safely believe them to be as impudent as they pretend to be. But in point of ability, they could go no farther, if they would. Not only would orthodoxy hinder them,—not only are they compelled, by the nature of their tenure and services, to be wise thus far and no farther,—but the same cause prevents them from having any greater men among them than they have. Greater understandings may temporize in other ways; they may compromise with this or that particular abuse; but they could not level their habits of style and speculation to the servility requisite in the *Quarterly Reviewer*. Mr. Sonthey is forgiven his occasional affectations of something beyond them, partly for the sake of its being affected, partly because it serves to put them pleasantly in mind of what he promised to be and what he is, and chiefly because it is accompanied with masses of contradiction, and becomes an argument against itself. Mr. Gifford smiles upon the overweeping old tall-boy, and still feels his authority secure. Mr. Canning is the beau ideal of the *Quarterly Reviewers*. Beyond his notions of what is wise and becoming, they think all is "Chaos and old Night." He delivers his "news of price" like "a man of this world," and talks of "Africa and golden joys" discreetly. It has been said of Dr. Johnson, and apparently with great justice, that his voluntary admiration of poetry did not go higher than Dryden. In like manner it may be said of the *Quarterly Reviewers*, that their voluntary admiration of intellect of any sort never rises higher than something which can be identified with worldliness and authority. Their favourite authors are those who flourish at the court-end. If a doubt could be put into their heads respecting the comparative superiority of Addison or Steele, the "Right Honourable Joseph" in the title-page would settle it.*

It is after this fashion they judge of the writers who are brought before them. They dare not say a word till they know a man's connexions and opinions. If his politics are not of the true cast, they cannot discover his poetry. If his faith is not orthodox, how can he have any wit in him? Before they admit a thought respecting his odes, they must learn what are his notions respecting the Mosaic Dispensation. The question is not, "Has he genius?" but "Is he one of us?"—if so, his book assumes a wonderful aspect of promise or performance: if not, "Mr. Milton" ought not to fancy he shall be a poet because he commits such offences against sense and grammar, as *L'ALLEGRO* and *PENSEROSO*.† It is the same with regard to women. A lady has little or no merit whatever the public may have thought, if she thinks the Americans have any. To differ with Mr. Croker, is to shew that another has no regard for virtue or modesty. But the sex acquires a right to be treated with decency, if it supposes the Court to be virtuous and Mr. Gifford no slave. To have a father in the Government interest is promising; and there is much literary merit in possessing a cousin on the pension-list.

* Lord John Russell, in his excellent speech the other day on a Reform of Parliament, gave the *EDINBURGH* and *QUARTERLY REVIEW* the credit of being "equal to some of the best original works" of former times. What! Non-originality equal to originality! Genteel, or even acute criticism, equal to GULLIVER and the TALE of a TUB, to TOM JONES, or the first conceptions of the TATLER and SPECTATOR! Doubtless there are very clever articles occasionally in the *QUARTERLY* as well as *EDINBURGH REVIEW*,—such as are beyond its usual character, and form exceptions to the rule against it. But these are in it, not of it. See how ever how difficult it is for "a man of wit and fashion about town," especially if he is an author, to get out of the trammels of the town's authority.

† See a pleasant joke upon modern criticism, entitled *HINTS OF A YOUNG REVIEWER*. It is attributed, I believe, to Dr. Copleston and is worth reprinting.

It must be said for the publications on the liberal side, that in this respect they act well up to the pretensions of that epithet. The *EDINBURGH REVIEW*, with all its party spirit, is a great deal more just to the merits of living Tory authors, than the *QUARTERLY* to those of Whig. It is not sufficient for Mr. Jeffery to know that a poet or translator is "well in" with the *Quarterly Reviewers*, in order to damn him, or say nothing about him. On the other hand, I believe that the *Quarterly Reviewers*, have never said a word, good or bad, about Mr. Barry Cornwall albeith he himself is in great favour with the circles, and never meddles with politics. It is enough for Mr. Gifford that he is praised by the *EDINBURGH REVIEW* and the *EXAMINER*. The same critic endeavoured to crush the young and exuberant genius of Mr. Keats, for no other reason than his expressing a different view of politics, and being first mentioned by that newspaper. Mr. Hazlitt, a man of greater powers of thinking than all the *Quarterly Reviewers* put together, they affect to consider next kin to a fool; and indeed, to do them justice, they innocently quote now and then some of his best passages, and profess that they do not understand them;—which is likely enough. With all the contempt they may have for their readers in general, they would hardly commit themselves so far as to pretend such a want of understanding, even to serve a purpose of malignity. On the other hand, if Mr. Hazlitt has a thorough contempt for Mr. Gifford, and little admiration for Mr. Sonthey, he allows the poetical genius of Mr. Wordsworth, though equally full of indignation against that writer's apostasy from freedom. He has always done as much justice to the talent of the great Scottish Novelist; and so has the *EXAMINER*; though it has anything but respect for Sir Walter's politics. If Mr. Hazlitt ever pays any one the compliment of undervaluing the genius he possesses, it is not an enemy. On the other hand, if he ever exaggerates the merits of any one, particularly of one whom he has at other times undervalued, it must be allowed, that it is not an enemy either. If in his humours (which he might as well be without, though no man has a greater right to them on some accounts)—if in his humours he sometimes does more and sometimes less than justice to his friends, or to the friends of his cause, he always does sheer justice to his enemies, whether to praise or to blame.—"Speak, Gulliver!"—Speak, Lord Castlereagh, for he has found a sort of a faculty even in you.

To come to the number before us.—If I did not know the *QUARTERLY REVIEW*, and were to take its *ipse dixit* on trust, like a Cossip in Mr. Murray's reading-room, or like a Court-expectant, or the Fellow of a Tory College, or the head of an Office in which they occasionally turn out the under-clerks, or a Clergyman with two livings, or the Mayor and Aldermen of a rotten Borough, or one of the numerous old Women, who, according to Mr. Sonthey, wait on him to thank him for being an antidote to unchastity—I should conclude from the number before me, that Mr. Hazlitt was a mere dealer in slang, and Mr. Shelley a mere dealer in obscurity and nonsense. I should also conclude from the same number, that the French were a parcel of malignant fops and rascals, because they do not allow us modest Englishmen to be perfect; that the horrors of the French Revolution were owing to those who have put down feudalism and Inquisitions, and not at all to the crimes of the Great; and that the ancient Greeks were the cleverest people upon earth in point of writing, and yet one of the worst imaginable with respect to those political institutions under which their writers flourished. They were sadly deficient in Divine Right,—wonderously unhealthy in their notions of government for want of rotten boroughs. Looking back to the other numbers of the *REVIEW*, I should furthermore discover that the Reverend Mr. Milman was a great genius, and Mr. Keats none at all;—that there was a wonderful Dean extant of the name of Ireland;—that Mrs. Barbauld, whom every body knows, was nobody, but that a lady whom nobody knows, authoress of a poem which nobody reads, was eminent; that Thomas Moore was a very obscure person, particularly since he wrote the *FUDGE FAMILY*; but that any given authors (I forget their names) on the side of Canning and Castlereagh, and the said Dean, are the best, the wittiest, and the most illustrious of mankind. In short it would go hard but that the only Grecian worth recollecting would be found to be Aristophanes, doubtless because he was "a wit and fine gentleman about town;" while on the other hand, shrewd suspicions must arise that Socrates was an old twaddler. Coming round again to the number first mentioned, I should finally be obliged to perceive, however much against my inclination, that ever Sir Walter Scott, albeith he is very clever,—and what is more, writes himself "in any quittance, warrant, or obligation," *Bart.*—and what is more, is rich,—and what is more, is a zealous Tory,—and what is most, is a patron, of scandalous Tory publications,—would be a much cleverer man, as well as more agreeable aristocrat, if Mr. Murray had possessed the copy-right of his novels instead of Mr. Constable.

Of Mr. Hazlitt, who is equally able and willing to give blow for blow—(as Mr. Gifford, still smarting at every pore from his Letter to him, well knows)—I shall say nothing farther at present, except that it is as idle to call a writer of his great talents, a mere dealer in slang, as it would be to call mediocre men, like Mr. Gifford or Mr. Croker, men of

great talents. An analysis of the conduct and pretensions of the QUARTERLY REVIEW, with some account by the way of those who write in it, would be an acceptable present to the public from Mr. Hazlitt's pen; and I am sure would much better advance the cause he has at heart, than any indiscriminate ebullitions of impatience, involving those who are struggling on the same side, and whose talents he really admires. Mr. Shelley, being a great infidel, is not fond of revenging himself; and as I know he will say nothing to the Quarterly Reviewers in answer to their criticism upon him, I will say in my next letter a few words in his stead, taking care to render the style of my reply as worthy as I can of his magnanimity.

Yours sincerely,

From the Examiner.

The Fortunes of Nigel. By the Author of Waterley, &c.

"Knife-Grinder—Story? Lord bless you! I have none to tell, Sir."

Poetry of the Antijacobin.

We have copied the motto with the title of this new production, of the most fertile imagination of the day, because it will spare a world of criticism. As a tale, *The Fortunes of Nigel* is a mere abortion; and the author is so conscious of it, that he has constructed an introduction of no mean length to prepare us for the fact, and to excuse it—an introduction, by the way, which we should have liked full as well if it had exhibited less of the equivocal slang of BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. We have no objection to a little deportment, *en cavalier*, from an individual, who conscious of merit, and the art of pleasing, despises the cant and the common-places of minor criticism; but we are not to be joked out of all sober conviction, or into a conclusion that because people will buy the book, there is no more to be said. The plain matter of fact is as the Knife-Grinder intimates, that the author has told no story; and that compared with himself, he has been less happy than usual in other respects. The worst being thus said, the remainder of our brief observations will be less ungracious. Whatever the defeats of the story, or the nothingness of the hero, we are entertained with flashes of humour, and of characteristic and vivid description, which make great if not ample atonement. Upon these, indeed, the author rests his pretensions, as may be seen by the following quotation from the introduction:—

"Believe me, I have not been fool enough to neglect ordinary precautions, I have repeatedly laid down my future work to scale, divided it into volumes and chapters, and endeavoured to construct a story which I meant should evolve itself gradually and strikingly, maintain suspense, and stimulate curiosity, and which, finally, should terminate in a striking catastrophe. But I think there is a demon who seats himself on the feather of my pen, when I begin to write, and leads it astray from my purpose. Characters expand under my hand; incidents are multiplied; the story lingers, while the materials increase; my regular story turns out a Gothic snomaly, and the work is complete long before I have attained the point I proposed."

Again:

"When I light on such a character as Bailly Jarvie, or Dalgetty, my imagination brightens, and my conception becomes clearer at every step which I make in his company, although it leads me into many a weary mile away from the regular road, and forces me to leap hedge and ditch, to get into the route again. If I resist the temptation, my thoughts become prosy, flat, and dull; I write painfully to myself, and under a consciousness of flagging which makes me flag still more; the sunshine with which fancy had invested the incidents, departs from them, and leaves every thing dull and gloomy. I am no more the same author, than a dog in a wheel, condemned to go round and round for hours, is like the same dog merrily chasing his own tail, and gambolling in all the frolic of unconstrained freedom."

All this is very pleasant, and, no doubt, the truth; if not the whole truth. Whether the most rapid way is not in some small degree the most pleasant, because it is the most profitable, is still a point to be decided; and ingenious as the apology is, we apprehend that the appearance of a novel every six months instead of every three, might tend to improve construction, without obscuring imagination. But enough; it is the privilege of genius to be bountiful upon its own terms; so now to the performance.

Nigel is a young Scottish Nobleman, whose father had advanced money to James I. to assist him in his political emergencies before his accession to the throne of England; and the sole business of the story is to relate his fortunes in a journey to London, to induce honest King James to repay. Here we must observe that a phenomenon is exhibited, which, from an Author north of Tweed, approaches to the miraculous—with a few minor exceptions of no great moment, every Scotsman in the book is rendered weak, wicked, or contemptible. The young Lord's lauds are in danger, because the Lord Chancellor of Scotland has clandestinely a mortgage upon them, and intrigues to effect a foreclo-

sure. King James is painted very nearly, the weak pedantic, low-minded and social driveller, which, he really was; and a private Scottish Courtier, and favourite of Prince Charles and Buckingham, is made a consummate but impossible villain. One of the most disagreeable traits in Scottish character, is embodied in an old Scottish Official about the Court; and, lastly, Nigel himself is a very so, so, young gentleman, who compromises with his conscience for regularly visiting a gaming table, by uniformly playing for low stakes with inferiors, and as regularly winning. Upon this piece of North British prudence, indeed, most of the adventure in these volumes is made to depend; for it enables a covert enemy to disgrace him at Court, and it is this disgrace which supplies nearly the whole of the incident. Bearing in mind the Author's account of his manner of writing, his unfavourable Scottish portraiture may be almost accidental; but it is an accident from which our Northern brethren are so generally preserved, we have hitherto concluded that its avoidance might be safely left to instinct.

The story opens in the very best manner of the author, by a vivid description of Fleet-street shop-keeping in the reign of James I.; and a brace of London 'Prentices—conspicuous personages in those days—are etched with fine effect. Indeed, the humours and the vices of the City form the chief of the novel representation in these volumes; and the Tom and Jerryism of the time, which is to be amply gleaned from Ben Jonson, and the various other low comedy and publications of the era, supplies nearly the whole of its relief. One or two of the Court Scenes are good, especially as exhibitions of James himself; and we have a glance at Prince Charles, which shews the master. Many of them are however, feeble, and one descriptive of a forced marriage in the royal presence, approaches to the absurd. The author, on the other hand, luxuriates in Alsatia, or White Friars, a Fleet liberty which being privileged from arrest, was famous for harbouring all the bullies and sharpers of the metropolis. Considering the happy effect of the united labours of Messrs. Cruikshank and Egan, this part of the book, we apprehend, will take. The grave citizen is possibly not quite so well made out in *jingling Geordie*, or in other words, George Heriot, the King's Goldsmith, but then he is a Scot, and has things to do, which take him out of the paths of citizenship, and deprive him of civic verisimilitude.

There is a portion of romance attached to the *Fortunes of Nigel*, which is so decidedly poor and unmeaning, we can only account for it by what the author has alleged in our foregoing quotation;—that his volumes often get filled up to the exclusion of all development. We have another *White Lady* in this story, but more a corpse than a spirit,—an absolute inanimate. She has in fact no characteristic but *paleness*; and the manner in which it is accounted for, while physically accurate, is certainly imaginatively disgusting. Contrary, however, to all anticipation, she does not prove to be the heroine; and the lady who is so, is after all only a diluted copy of Myrie the Miller's daughter; and moreover, almost nothing at all. The catastrophe is also hurried, and extremely unnatural and uninteresting.

Upon the whole, we anticipate that the Public will be extremely disappointed; but this is of little import to an Author who can so effectually plead privilege. He has only to trim the lamp of his imagination, and begin again.

We observe in the preface a piece of Blackwoodism, in the way of equivocal as to identity, which is clearly thrown out to amuse the public. In his fictitious dialogue with Captain Clatterbuck, the Author is made to say:—

"You must know, that some twenty years since, I went down to visit an old Friend in Worcestershire, who had served with me in the—Dragoons."

This is evidently diversion—is it precisely the diversion of a Gentleman?

Singular Mistakes.—A few weeks since, a young man returning home about eleven, mistook the house of a friend of ours at Vauxhall, for his own, it being pitch dark, and his house and our friend's being near each other on the same terrace. He entered it by the key with which he was in the habit of letting himself in at home, and was heard by Mr. H. and his lady, padding up the stairs. The lady thinking that he was an approaching robber, screamed, and her husband proceeded to the chamber door which the young man had assaulted, and where he loudly demanded admittance, at the same denouncing the supposed villain, who was ill treating (he thought) his sister. The attack and defence of the door was continuing with mutual force of foot and shoulder, and collected strength, while Mr. H.'s wife and supposed sister, throwing open the window, vociferated for Watch! Watch! The Watch at length came, and proceeding up stairs, joined the young man in demanding entrance, which to a legal claimant was granted. The sight of the lady produced an instant eclaireissement among the perturbed parties, and infinite apologies from the mistaken invader.

Royal Society of Literature.—Prize Poem.

WHILE perfecting, with the caution, diligence, and care which so important a measure demands, the forms and constitution of the Royal Society of Literature, the public has learnt from our pages that the Council, to whom these arrangements are committed, proposed certain premiums for poetical, historical, literary, and philological essays; and that the price for the first composition—"A Poem on Dartmoor," was last year awarded to Mrs. Felicia Hemans. This Poem has been printed and distributed among the members of the Institution; and though its tones may resemble only the breathings of the Infant Hercules, it cannot fail to be agreeable to our friends to trace here the commencing steps of an Institution which promises a gigantic existence and extraordinary labours in the Augean Stable of modern literature.

That the copies of Mrs. Hemans' beautiful production are in few hands, is another recommendation of it to our notice; and if we restrain ourselves from quoting it at full length, it is owing to our sense of what is due to the fair author's rights, and to a sincere desire rather to promote her interests than consult our own inclinations.

"DARTMOOR, which obtained the prize of Fifty Guineas proposed by the Royal Society of Literature," is printed by order of the Society, and forms a neat quarto of twenty-two pages—about 350 lines.

The opening is both skilful and fine:—

Amidst the peopled and the regal Isle,
Whose vales, rejoicing in their beauty, smile;
Whose cities, fearless of the spoiler, tower,
And send on every breeze a voice of power;
Hath Desolation rear'd herself a throne,
And mark'd a pathless region for her own?—
Yes! though thy turf no stain of carnage wore,
When bled the noble hearts of many a shore,
Though not a hostile step thy heath flowers bent,
When empires totter'd and the earth was rent;
Yet lone, as if some trampler of mankind
Had still'd life's busy murmurs on the wind,
And, flush'd with power, in daring DARTMOOR'S recess,
Stamp'd on thy soil the curse of barrenness;
For thee in vain descend the dews of heaven,
In vain the sun-beam and the shower are given;
Wild DARTMOOR! thou that, midst thy mountains rude,
Hast rob'd thyself with haughty solitude,
As a dark cloud on Summer's clear-blue sky,
A mourner, circled with festivity!
For all beyond is life!—the rolling sea,
The rush, the swell, whose echoes reach not thee,
Yet who shall find a scene so wild and bare,
But man has left his lingering traces there?—
E'en on mysterious Afric's boundless plains,
Where noon, with attributes of midnight, reigns,
In gloom and silence, fearfully profound,
As of a world unwak'd to soul or sound;
Though the sad wanderer of the burning zone
Feels, as amidst infinity, alone,
And nought of life be near; his camel's tread
Is o'er the prostrate cities of the dead!
Some column, rear'd by long-forgotten hands,
Just lifts its head above the billowy sands—
Some mouldering shrine still consecrates the scene,
And tells that Glory's footstep there hath been.
There hath the Spirit of the Mighty pass'd,
Not without record; though the desert-blast,
Borne on the wings of Time, hath swept away
The proud creations, rear'd to brave decay.
But thou, lone region! whose unnoticed name
No lofty deeds have mingled with their fame,
Who shall unfold thine annals?—Who shall tell
If on thy soil the sons of heroes fell,
In those far ages, which have left no trace,
No sun beam on the pathway of their race?
Though, haply, in the unrecorded days
Of kings and chiefs, who pass'd without their praise,
Thou might'st have rear'd the valiant and the free,
In history's page there is no tale of thee.—

Yet hast thou thy memorials. On the wild
Still rise the cairns of yore, all rudely pil'd,*

* In some parts of Dartmoor the surface is thickly strewed with stones, which, in many instances, appear to have been collected into piles, on the tops of prominent hillocks, as if in imitation of the natural Tors. The Stone-barrows of Dartmoor resemble the Cairns of the Cheviot and Grampian Hills, and those in Cornwall.—(See Cooke's Topographical Survey of Devonshire.)

But hallow'd by that instinct, which reveres
Things fraught with characters of elder years,
And such are these. Long centuries have flown,
Bow'd many a crest, and shatter'd many a throne, dust:
Mingling the urn, the trophy, and the bust,
With that they hide—their shrin'd and treasure'd
Men traverse Alps and Oceans, to behold
Earth's glorious works fast mingling with her mould:
But still these nameless chroniclers of death,
Midst the deep silence of the unpeopled heath,
Stand in primeval artlessness, and wear
The same sepulchral mien, and almost share storms.
Th' eternity of nature, with the forms
Of the crow'd hills beyond, the dwellings of the

Further philosophical reflections on these monuments follow; and an allusion to some druidical remains on the eastern side of Dartmoor, brings on a noble description of the rites of these ancient and savage priests.

But wilder sounds were there: th' imploring cry,
That woke the forest's echo in reply,
But not the heart's!—Unmov'd, the wizard train
Stood round their human victim, and in vain
His prayer for mercy rose; in vain his glance
Look'd up, appealing to the blue expanse,
Where, in their calm immortal beauty, shone
Heaven's cloudless orbs. With faint and fainter moan,
Bound on the shrine of sacrifice he lay,
Till, drop by drop, life's current ebb'd away;
Till rock and turf grew deeply, darkly red,
And the pale moon gleam'd paler on the dead.
Have such things been, and here?—where stillness dwells
Midst the rude barrows and the moorland-swells,
Thus undisturb'd?—Oh! long the gulph of time
Hath clos'd in darkness o'er those days of crime,
And earth no vestige of their path retains
With records of man's conflicts and his doom,
His spirit and his dust—the altar and the tomb.

From these contemplations our delightful poetess turns to England's modern times, when

..... Every breeze
Bore sounds of triumph o'er her own blue seas;
And other lands, redeem'd and joyous, drank
The life-blood of her heroes, as they sank
On the red fields they won; whose wild flowers
Now, in luxuriant beauty, o'er their grave.

Many of their opponents were prisoners at Dartmoor;
..... And there were some, whose dreams
Were of sweet homes, by chainless mountainstreams,
And of the vine-clad hills, and many a strain,
And festal melody of Loire or Seine,
And of those mothers who had watch'd and wept,
When on the field th' unshelter'd conscript slept,
Bath'd with the midnight dews. And some were there
Of sterner spirits, harden'd by despair;
Who, in their dark imaginings, again
Fir'd the rich place and the stately fane,
Drank in the victim's shriek, as music's breath,
And liv'd o'er scenes, the festivals of death!

And there was mirth too!—strange and savage mirth,
More fearful far than all the woes of earth!
The laughter of cold hearts, and scoffs that spring
From minds, for which there is no sacred thing,
And raucous bursts of fierce, exulting glee,—
The lightning's flash upon its blasted tree!

But still, howe'er the soul's disguise were worn,
If from wild revelry, or haughty scorn,
Or buoyant hope, it won an outward show,
Slight was the mask, and all beneath it—woe.

Mrs. Hemans dwells on this theme, and paints several portraits; but in the end leaves particular scenes for the general prospect of peace:—

It is a glorious hour when Spring goes forth,
O'er the bleak mountains of the shadowy North,
And, with one radiant glance, one magic breath,
Wakes all things lovely from the sleep of death;
While the glad voices of a thousand streams,
Busting their bondage, triumph in her beams!
But peace hath nobler changes! O'er the mind,
The warm and living spirit of mankind,
Her influence breathes, and bids the blighted heart,
To life and hope from desolation start!

She with a look dissolves the captive's chain,
Peopling with beauty widow'd homes again;
Around the mother, in her closing year,
Gathering her sons once more, and from the tears
Of the dim past, but winning purer light,
To make the present more serenely bright.

Nor rests that influence here. From clime to clime,
In silence gliding with the stream of time,
Still doth it spread, borne onwards, as a breeze
With healing on its wings, o'er isles and seas:
And, as heaven's breath call'd forth, with genial power,
From the dry wand, the almond's living flower;
So doth its deed-felt charm in secret move
The coldest heart to gentle deeds of love;
While round its pathway nature softly glows,
And the wide desert blossoms as the rose.

An apostrophe to the barren heath, a prophesy of its culture, and a pious anticipation of religious rites amid its peopled bowers, are given in language at once patriotic, pathetic, and poetical. The whole concludes thus :—

Oh! there are loftier themes, for him, whose eyes
Have search'd the depths of life's realities,
Than the red battle, or the trophied car,
Whirling the monarch-victor fast and far;
There are more noble strains than those which swell
The triumphs, Ruin may suffice to tell!

Ye Prophet-bards, who sat in elder days,
Beneath the palms of Judah? Ye, whose lays
With torrent rapture from their source on high,
Burst in the strength of immortality!
Oh! not alone, those, haunted groves among,
Of conquering hosts, of empires crush'd ye sung,
With the bright day, ye sought to explore
To dry the tear, to bind the broken reed,
To make the home of peace in hearts that bleed!
With beams of hope to pierce the dungeon's gloom,
And pour eternal star-light o'er the tomb!

And bless'd and hallow'd be its haunts! for there
Hath man's high soul been rescued from despair!—
There hath th' immortal spark for heaven been nurs'd.—
There from the rock the springs of life have burst,
Quenchless and pure! and holy thoughts, that rise,
Warm from the source of human sympathies,—
Where'er its path of radiance may be trac'd,
Shall find their temple in the silent waste.

On a poem crowned as this has been, and snatched as this is from almost private circulation, criticism is bound to be silent, or if it speak, to speak only in the merited language of praise. We are glad to abstain in a single instance from the painful part of our office; and more glad to feel it to be our duty to offer a warm and cordial tribute of applause to the elegant mind and cultivated taste of a lady whose genius has been so honourably distinguished. That the Institution may improve upon its first decision, and long continue to evolve and reward literary talent in its highest efforts, is a consummation devoutly to be wished. The beginning is at least auspicious; and it is most satisfactory to know that in all human probability the Royal Society, now nearly matured under the fostering protection of our illustrious Monarch, will very speedily take its elevated and powerful station in the moral and literary world, and perform with regularity, according to settled laws, its splendid circle in the sphere which it is so eminently calculated to fill and enlighten. And it is the more gratifying to us to have this to state; because whispers have been industriously circulated that the design was abandoned—an invention which, like that of His Majesty's having sold the Royal Library, had no other foundation but a wish to asperse a Sovereign, whose delight and pride it assuredly is to cherish letters, and promote the best interests of learning and genius.

Taste in Dress.—Notwithstanding the distress of the times, a taste for fashionable articles is the prevailing foible, even when education has not given the power accurately to describe them—An instance of this occurred the other day at a well-known shop in Truro, into which a young country girl entered to purchase a muslin gown. When pressed to describe the particular article she wanted, she replied with much naïveté, that she did not know exactly; but that it must be a muslin gown with a coloured tail, and things made to lappety in about the heels.
—*Cornwall Gazette.*

Relief in Ireland

The following is the set of principles upon which, we believe, the Government feel disposed to act:—

PRINCIPLES,

To be attended to in the distribution of the money granted to alleviate the scarcity, which at present prevails in some districts of Ireland.

The present local scarcity that prevails in parts of Ireland differs from famines in general, and suggests (in some respects), a different course of proceeding in the efforts to mitigate its severity.

In general there are but two resources in famine—economy and multiplication of food.

The former, though at all times important, is not so essential in the present case, (save only in one article, potatoes), because there is a superabundance of provisions, in general, throughout the country, though unequally dispersed.

The multiplication of food in the districts where scarcity prevails, ought in general to be sought from our internal resources. Importation would aggravate another calamity, "a depressed market," and thus perhaps disappoint the importer's speculation also.

The difficulties in the way of multiplying food, or procuring supplies in the distressed districts, seem to be chiefly two.

1st, Want of money, and general impoverishment, (more or less) of all classes.

2d, The ignorance and prejudice of many of the lower orders, and the local disturbances.

If those difficulties were out of the way, the markets would find their level. The object of all should be to bring things as nearly as possible to this their natural state.

The pecuniary aid proposed to be afforded by Government, will mitigate the first difficulty.

Wherever difficulties of a local nature, or connected with the present season, obstruct the transit of provisions, they ought to be immediately pointed out to Government, that all practicable measures may be adopted to remove them.

To the general rule of not encouraging importation there may be an exception, namely potatoes, as in point of fact, there may be a scarcity, of that article, on an average of the whole island.

And with respect to this article the most rigid economy must be exercised, it should, as far as possible be interdicted as food in the distressed district during the ensuing three weeks and reserved for seed.

Every inducement shall be held out for the cultivation of potatoes in those quarters.

The modes best adapted in each particular district we occur to the managers on the spot, but it is obvious that until an adequate supply of other food is procured, all efforts to accomplish this object must fail.

In every artificial interference with the regular order of providence and society, evil will be mixed with good; it is the necessity of the case that can alone justify the interference at all.

The utmost vigilance must be exercised to reduce the evil inseparably connected with the best meant endeavours, as much as possible, and to this end some general principles are obviously necessary to be attended to.

1st, To avoid as much as possible gratuitous distribution.

2d, As far as practicable to relieve the poor by employment.

3d, For this purpose, to combine utility in the work with the employment as far as possible; but still to make the employment of the poor, rather than the accomplishment of the work, the object; to prefer small local undertakings, and those that would not be otherwise carried on, to those on a great scale, or which would be certainly done, though at a more distant period.

Works on a great scale have a tendency to invite an accumulation of numbers to a given spot, and probably to disappoint the greater part of them.

4th, To give low wages. This is obviously expedient, as well to diffuse the relief among greater numbers, as to prevent interference with the ordinary demand for labourers.

5th, To insist on bona fide work.

The assistance of Government will bear a proportion to the local exertions, whether in subscription or superintendence.

WILLIAM GREGORY, WILLIAM DISNEY, PETER LATOCHE, JUN.,
THOMAS P. LUSCOMBE, GEORGE RENNY.

May 16, 1822.

ASIATIC DEPARTMENT.

—89—

Abdication of John the Second.

To the Editor of the Journal.

Sir,

Amongst the numerous reports respecting the abdication of JOHN THE SECOND, there is one that late circumstances have rendered probable.

You, Sir, may remember that for several days the JOHN BULL appeared without an Editorial paragraph, and it is whispered about in certain circles that there were serious intentions of cutting the Editor's tulle, which being deemed *personal*, and moreover his Tauric Majesty considering this motion of retrenchment in the civil list, as savouring more of those Whiggish principles, which it was the object of JOHN to put down—THE KING or THE BULLS ceased to reign.

Deposition of John the Fourth.

O just admired and lost!
Beloved and mourned!

To the Editor of the Journal.

Sir,

It is with inexpressible grief that I inform you that those lawless Freemen, the TAURISTS, have risen against their venerable Sovereign, and with sacrilegious hands have hurled him from his throne. The more this excellent Prince opened the articles of his constitutional charter, and evinced a disposition to govern by Law, the more did their rebellious hearts resist his seductive concessions, and revolt against his paternal beneficence. And now the world is suspended on the election which these Anarchists, will make of a new Sovereign, it being understood that the crown will be adjudged to him who shall come nearest to the ineffable and incomprehensible virtues of JOHN the Second.

Farewell the delicious visions with which for a little week we have been enchanted! Farewell the *note-able* remedy for Agricultural and all other distress, and for the depression of the exchange! Farewell the delights consequent on the introduction of Colonization, and the gorgeous and awful picture of the two Amphyletic Councils seated on the Neelgerry Hills, the Council of Ancients consisting of Forty Representatives of the Company and Forty Representatives of the Governor General; the Council of Youngsters consisting of Two hundred Representatives of the Company and of Two hundred Representatives of the Governor General! The mere memory of such things crowded into so short a reign will unfit us for the enjoyment of ordinary life.

INCONSOLABLE.

Sudden Events.

We have been surely dreaming for the last three days: It never can be true that a race of Kings, like that of the Tauric Dynasty, have been cut off, as John the Second, John the Third, and John the Fourth, are said to be—the last almost before the crown and sceptre had been presented to him. Yet, from all quarters we have confirmations of the fact; and after rubbing our eyes to satisfy ourselves whether we were asleep or awake, these rapidly succeeding events still appear in all the stern and sober coloring of reality. Some great revolution must be at hand;—and these are but the Signs of the Times to usher it in. Whether the late eccentric wanderings of the planet Venus, so accurately described by our Calcutta Seers a few months ago, related to these portentous changes we know not; but this at least is certain, that the events themselves deserve to be considered among prodigies, if what could neither be anticipated before it happened nor can even now be accounted for, deserves that name.

Among the many reasons assigned for JOHN THE FOURTH's resignation, and already spread abroad by Rumour with her thousand tongues in every lane and gully of this busy City, are—1st. The general dissatisfaction which was expressed by the BULL's supporters at the new Editor's Whiggish and

Anti-Tauric politics;—2dly, the gravity and seriousness of his speculations in political economy;—3rdly, the indisposition of the Editor to keep up the perpetual war of controversy against the JOURNAL, for which the BULL was originally and almost exclusively established;—4thly, the want of time on the part of the Editor to superintend the Selections of the Paper, so that being left entirely to the Printer, Whig doctrines and liberal sentiments might be likely by mere accident to occupy an equal space with the slang from Blackwood and the still worse matter from the London BULL.

For the sake of the Indian Press, and its respectability of character, we are sorry that the last Editor was so soon forced to abandon his undertaking; for, notwithstanding his eccentric notions on political economy, being a perfect Gentleman, a sound Lawyer, and a liberal Whig, we had every thing to hope from his co-operating aid. But we may easily form an idea of how bad a Concern must be, when a man becomes disgusted with it in three short days, or finds himself so trammelled that there is no choice left him between sacrificing his principles or sacrificing his salary! This, indeed, if we have heard aright, was reduced from 1,000 Rupees to 500 per Month, for reasons which (to use the words of the Proprietors on another occasion) "we should not perhaps be justified in mentioning;" but we rejoice to see such a man among us, as one who would not hesitate if the salary were ten times as great, to throw it up the moment he was called upon to maintain a cause or support a principle in which his heart did not go freely and fully with his hand.

The learned Editor will, we hope, be more successful in his own original element at the Bar, of which he is likely to become, we learn, an active and efficient Member. What the poor BULL will do next, we know not, after all its Leaders have "turned their backs upon themselves." The best thing that we could suggest would be that it should (in the same noble phraseology) "stand prostrate," or be offered up as a sacrifice to Ignorance and Intolerance in Tank Square, till the "principles of resurrection" (of which the same choice compounder of phrases from which we quote spoke on a late occasion), shall re-animate his clay with some nobler spirit, or give him at least the power to live for some good and useful purpose.

Sporting.

Stand forth, ye Champions, who the gauntlet wield,
Or you, the swiftest RACERS of the Field—
Stand forth, ye SPORTSMEN, who these pastimes grace,
Youth wields the gauntlet—let him win the Race.—POPE.

To the Editor of the Journal.

Sir,

The juvenile production in the JOHN BULL of to-day, is not bad. I like the New Editor's vein also; and hope, with Tory principles, to find no want of toleration—nothing hostile to common sense—nothing of cant, hypocrisy, or persecuting intolerance.

Judicious in selecting, he will obtain his share of rational contributors; and though of a different way of thinking from yourself and Correspondents, he may become respectable, (by that means) useful, and entertaining. Not to forget the YOUNG SPORTSMEN, with whom I commenced my Letter. Let me say that he has shewn much tact (though Lord Byron does not like the word) and observation. Many (not so young) may not be ashamed of his principles, and be found anxious to support the pleasures of the Turf with such feelings. I, Sir, am one; and although I have no Horses to run, yet, I shall be a hearty promoter of any plan the Stewards shall frame upon his youthful and well considered suggestion.

Your's, &c.

ANTI-VINEGAR.

NOTE.—Why should not the Government be solicited to give a Stud Plate, to be run for by Stud Horses? It would enhance their sale prices.

On Indian Colonization.

To the Editor of the Journal.

SIR,

In common with yourself I have been much gratified on seeing the political regeneration of the BULL actually established; may he proceed as he has begun, and my earnest prayer shall be *esto perpetua*. What a triumph have you not obtained, in common with two thirds of your countrymen in India, and under the sanction of that Philosophic Historian, Mr. Mill, to see the opinions you have always maintained on the grand question of Indian Colonization openly canvassed and recommended in the pages of your contemporary, the BULL; a Paper which we may fairly assume as speaking the sentiments of a very numerous class of Calcutta Inhabitants, and by the same inference, as evincing a total change of opinion on the grandest and most indispensable question relative to India. If the common sense of that class of people has however tardily been extracted from its inmost recesses, and now positively refuses to retrograde, the powers of conviction, so often, so long, upheld in the JOURNAL, must in spite of fate itself, procure you no ordinary share of thanks and approbation from the Public. No man with his eyes open, in or out of India, can in my humble opinion adduce a single argument supported by fact or proved by demonstration, which militates against the free and open Colonization of India, though no doubt those gifted with the powers of eloquence may please themselves and amuse others by saying plausible and ingenious things, while arguments by thousands, brought on the tapis on the broad base of mathematical and philosophic induction, have already appeared in various quarters, and are daily increasing.

In the mean while, one question occurs—Since the good sense of the British nation almost succeeded in destroying the Company's Charter in 1813, what would the effect on India have been, had such a measure been carried into execution? No doubt numerous adventurers would have crowded into our Indian ports of all sorts and descriptions; many like the free traders, would have calculated without their host, and have lost their little all. Crimes would have probably increased among the lower orders of English Colonists, and occasional bickerings in particular districts might likewise have taken place between them and the Natives; but could not that be put down by wise management? and could such in any apparent degree affect either country, I mean India or England? The expense of getting here, and the demand of Colonists, like that of the market, would after the first year's glut soon find its proper level, and then progressively increase, while example here and correspondence with home, would, under an energetic and liberal Government, open the eyes of our fellow subjects to the chance of bettering their condition by coming to India, and to a knowledge of the necessary requisites for embarking in such speculation. That the Company's Charter will, on its expiration, *not be renewed*, we have the best possible reasons for believing; and were it not that the war in Spain occupied so much of the exclusive attention of the nation in 1813, India would in every probability have at this day been a Colony of the Empire. It is not the fear of India establishing her independence of the parent state, that is the hinge on which the anti-colonists hang their objection; it is their pretended, or by some perhaps real apprehensions that the population of the country, if not impoverished and ruined by influx of European Colonists, would in its effects excite insurrection and revolt, and terminate in tearing this, the brightest Jewel of the Crown, from the English nation; and secondly, that if this did not happen, the additional powerful patronage and influence thrown into the hands of the Crown (already so dangerous) from an undue balance of power in its favor, would enable an ambitious Prince or Minister to subvert the constitution and employ *Bayonets for Laws*.

The first of these grand objections, viz. the complete independence of India or Britain, (in short another America,) is too distant in the prospect to give any cause of alarm, as several centuries must elapse before that can occur; when the day really arrives, why, as the Edinburgh Reviewers say, should we not

wish to see India another America, when her ability and interest prompts her to become so for what would the utility of an expensive regal Government in America have been to Great Britain; if still an appendage to the Mother Country, contrasted with the benefits we now derive from her as a free and independent nation? The fear of destruction to our Government and Constitution, assumed from the increased influence of the Crown, cannot, I think, be fairly entertained for a moment; for what is the Government of India, as it now obtains? Is it not vested in the Crown through the Board of Control? cannot Lord Londonderry, by writing to any Governor General that has been, or may hereafter come to govern us here, get an appointment for a friend he chooses to mention? and are not many of the Courts of Proprietors and Directors, Members of Parliament and *Staunch Whigs*? This may appear a strange argument, but it is not a far-fetched one, since His Majesty's Government virtually govern India at present, but the check to unbounded power in the part of the Crown is virtually offered by the Whigs in Parliament, so far as relates to India, in common with other subjects of alleged misrule, and particularly strengthened by many Members of Parliament from the body of the Court of Directors and Proprietors of India Stock, who, though *passive and obedient enough* for the most part, would, from their more extensive knowledge of India, and a total separation of interests on the destruction of their Charter, not fail to open the eyes of the people to many important considerations now studiously concealed, while India under a free Local Government would soon rise sufficiently in importance to secure a proper representation of her rights, by delegates of her arm, sent to the British Parliament. There are few who have resided in the interior of India, that have chosen to see with their own eyes the good effects originating to the Natives from the few Europeans residing at particular places in the interior; from the capital employed by them, their communication of useful arts, hitherto unknown in India, their enterprising example and superior intelligence and moral conduct. Take Mongyr and Patna for example, places where Europeans have long established themselves in every kind of useful and mechanical trade in wood, iron, and metals generally, and in the manufacture of every thing for domestic utility and comfort. Barreilly and Cawnpore are also examples, but not so fully applicable to the question as the district of Tirhoot. In that part of the Behar Province, there are many European settlers solely occupied in the cultivation of Indigo—and studding every quarter of the country—with houses, factories, &c. These seem to have always come under the denomination of intelligent and well educated English Gentlemen living in a community almost in common—"living with one another" in general harmony, and on all occasions, for a series of years (to my own certain knowledge) highly respected by the Company's Servants, who owe to them much valuable information on all subjects of Police and Individual Native character, and have never been ashamed to ask as well as to receive their opinions and advice.

Mr. Mill, in writing his History of India, would have been thankful for this piece of information, when the result of this intelligence, perfect harmony, and honest exertion is considered; for it is well known that scarce a single Civil Suit is filed in the Native Court of the district, without the previous knowledge, or as the case may be, recommendation of some one of these Gentlemen—who are always consulted, or who from local residence hears and generally knows the merits of the case. Oftentimes, therefore, have the Civil Authorities benefited by the communications of those individuals—while scarce a single lawless or criminal act committed in the district escapes the like scrutiny. The consequence is that the Police of the Tirhoot District is in general admirably well managed. The above however more particularly bears to the state of that district some years back, when I resided in it, and was enabled to see the truth of the facts. It may perhaps, from various causes, have since that time deteriorated, but I should be sorry indeed to think or to find it so—Is this not a legitimate conclusion for Colonization.—

But many weighty considerations still demand a minute survey, before a simultaneous influx of Europeans could be admitted; the first of these I would pronounce to be, the compilation of a Code of

Civil and Criminal Law for British India, equally for the benefit of Europeans and Natives, (religion only excepted) founded on British jurisprudence, but in application to sound sense and experience—and suited in short to the nature of things.—The introduction of our Language, and Translations from it into the Native languages of all our best works of Literature, Science, and Art; Trial by Jury, a Free Press, and Schools paid for by Government, in every Village, and conducted under the superintendence of Europeans. Academies or Colleges in every District, an efficient European Police, and the establishment of Government Villages on waste Lands in all parts of the Country. The proprietary right of selling lands to Europeans, not to be made an act of enforcement, but optional with the Natives; and the number of Colonists to be limited for the first few years, to enable them to assist the after-comers, if necessary, and to prevent that distress to themselves, which now bears so hard on the Cape-Settlers, and the proper distribution of them in the Provinces, are all well worthy of mature attention. Even supposing so much accomplished, how amply would your brother Editor's positions, and those of the worthy Serampore Missionaries and others, be established.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,
Gardens, Nov. 6, 1822.

MITHYALA.

Bombay Marine.

SIR, To the Editor of the Journal.

Having perused a Correspondence in your Paper, under the signature of A FRIEND TO THE BRAVE, and that of A MAN IN THE MOON, calculated to give birth to feelings, which, I believe, have no existence at present, I am induced to offer a few remarks on the subject.

In the first letter of A FRIEND TO THE BRAVE, after enquiring how it happens that the Officers of the Bombay Marine have not been included in the honors of the "Order of the Bath," he adds "I should be glad to see the invidious distinction removed in the Company's Service."

The conferring the Order of the Bath on any portion of the Honorable Company's Military Officers, was, I conceive, a spontaneous act of Our Most Gracious Sovereign, who was condescendingly pleased to recognize the eminent services of a British Army, consisting of more than 100,000 men, by whose powerful and effective support His Majesty had obtained an accession of Territory, far more extensive and populous than His European Dominions.

The powerful efforts and consequent influence of so large a Force, could not fail to attract the notice and admiration of a beneficent Sovereign, who has on every occasion sought to promote the happiness of His Subjects, and to reward worth. That those honorable distinctions which had been so liberally distributed in Europe, should not have been extended to that victorious Army which had achieved the conquest of India, might have appeared invidious; but that they should not have been extended to the Officers of the Bombay Marine, cannot create surprise.

The Bombay Marine Force is so small, that it is more than probable His Majesty is unaware of their existence as a Military Body, and were it otherwise, by the constitution of the Order, in my humble opinion they labour under disabilities, which might operate to their exclusion. It is unnecessary for me to point out the supposed disability, and the discussion of the subject is probably altogether objectionable; however, permit me to add that but a few years ago the Honorable Company's Army laboured under the same disability, and were only relieved from it by a most gracious act of the Crown; the Army, however, at that period consisted of more than 60,000 men, and it may be reasonably expected, that when the Bombay Marine Force consists of 60 sail of the line, they may be equally fortunate.

It must, however, be admitted that there are many other modes of rewarding merit and exciting emulation, without a profuse distribution of Stars and Ribbons, whose value, like that of every other commodity, is depreciated by the quantity thrown

into the market; and if the enjoyment of liberal Pay and Allowances, rapid Promotion, perfect Equipment, and the most anxious solicitude and tenderness exhibited by Authority for the feelings and pretensions of the Officers of the Bombay Marine can excite gratitude, the Officers of that Corps can never prove ungrateful; and the full enjoyment of such solid advantages may have arrested their attention, and repressed those aspirations which are more frequently created by vanity than worth, and have thus spared themselves the mortification of thinking with A FRIEND TO THE BRAVE that the distinction was invidious, and may with great propriety leave the discussion of all claims to those branches of the Honorable Company's Force who have more merit to create demands and more powerful arguments to support them than can be offered by the Officers of the Bombay Marine.

Calcutta, Nov. 4, 1822.

INEXPEDIENT.

Reform in India.

SIR, To the Editor of the Journal.

Conceiving it to be laudable to bring to Public Notice all laudable acts and deeds, I take the liberty of troubling you with this letter, and to beg the insertion of it in your JOURNAL, waiting anxiously for the satisfaction I shall thereby derive.

The abuses prevalent in the Nizam's Dominions were so prominently pernicious, that were it not for the generous aid granted by the Supreme Government, and exercised by one whose every act abounds with discretion, it would have ere now met that ruin which nothing short of the present system of Reform could have avoided. It was in the year 1821, that the shield of British protection interposed its influence in counteracting the growing evils; and the first step taken towards the restoration of order and confidence amongst the lower classes of people of the Nizam's Government, was the introduction of Revenue Settlements; which define and limit the Government demands on the Ryots or Cultivators, according to the ability of the Districts or Villages so engaging, with a progressive increase of Revenue for a term of 3, 5, and even 7 years. (the middle term is extant). Since the adoption of this system other beneficial effects have arisen, besides the cessation of extortion and rapacity, with a series of other evils. Such few however as continue to exist, are immediately complained against, and due notice is taken of them by Officers employed for the purpose of receiving Arzees, Petitions, &c. These Officers shew a manifest disposition to afford redress, and their ears are always open to the just claims of complainants. Before the establishment of this work, there was no knowing when extortion was or was not committed, for no engagements were entered into with the Cultivators, and therefore no specific demand could have been levied, but the wants of their masters were to be satisfied in any way and in any manner. About this period of confusion, so great was the dread of the Cultivators, that rather than open their mouths against their Oppressors, they would suffer any torture, but now such is the confidence inspired in the minds of this part of the Community that they do not hesitate to complain even against the Executive of the Nizam's Government if occasion render it necessary.

The Nizam's Territory, for the last two years, has so much increased in prosperity, the Ryots or Cultivators have so much confidence in British interference and in British justice, and the poor have reaped so many blessings from the same source, that the epoch will be remembered by the Nizam's Government and its now happy subjects as long as feelings of gratitude remain in the breast of man.

All classes of people are thankful to the British Government for the acknowledged benefits accruing from its interposition; and a great proportion of these thanks fall to the lot of that truly worthy Gentleman who has the honor of being its Representative. To promote the welfare of the country or to destroy the root of ruin, which would have been inevitable but for his measures, I have seen none work with more cheerfulness nor with more exertion.

October 12, 1822.

A HINDOO BRITON.

The Mirror of a Minor Stage.*"O grant me honest fame, or grant me none"—POPE.*

While some the Actors praise, and some upbraid,
 An humble Bard implores the Muse's aid;
 O quick descend! my simple Lay inspire,
 And fill a Poet with a Critic's fire.
 To shew the virtues, and the faults he mine,
 That damn the Actor, or that make him shine.
 And O ye Nine! be this my task alone,
 To judge the laurel where it's fairly won.
 See first the stage by mighty F— trod,
 As on he moves, he thinks himself a God,
 Shines to the audience when in injured love,
 And hears the boxes and the pit approve:
 Sees puffs in Papers, and believes them right,
 And bragging, tells you of last Tuesday night.
 Slight read in Drama, he attempts the parts,
 Embarrass'd, pauses, and half damned, starts:
 Studied in many, but complete in few.
 He struts in Zanga, or in Shakespear's Jew:
 Treads in the paths, where Kemble once has been,
 And thinks himself an equal match for Kean.
 Lo B— next attempts the tragic scene,
 While every motion shews what once he's been.
 On either side a heaving roll is given,
 Like hapless bark, betwixt the seas and heaven.
 But where's the part, in which this Actor shines,
 His hoarse rough verse resounding in his lines;
 His thundering dreadful in each feeling part,
 May reach the ear, but never gains the heart:
 Knows nought of sweetness or of Nature's ease,
 And only tires us when he tries to please.
 But should you want some Chieftain of a clan,
 On lawless Robber B— is your man.
 In this he'd shine, in this alone he's fit,
 To draw the praises of the wondering pit.
 Hear every box his lawless form approve,
 Nor wish again to strut in scenes of love.
 See P— next attempts the comic part,
 At every line, he gains upon the heart.
 In Jarvie's form, his every power appears
 And Nature's voice falls on our ravish'd ears.
 Next H— appears upon the honour'd stage,
 With hoary locks, and eyes bedim'd with age.
 You'd think the winter of his age begun,
 And fast approaching was his setting sun.
 Perhaps it is, but yet no wreath appears,
 To mark the actions of his former years;
 All he's obtain'd is but the public laugh,
 And when retiring he may gain their scoff:
 Sink to the grave, among the ignoble dead,
 Without a stone, to mark his reverend head.
 Next M— comes, who acts a certain line,
 Where comic wit, and humour well combine:
 Shews it is here, that he excels the most,
 And draws the raptures of the approving host.
 But move him onwards to a higher sphere,
 And thus the audience, whispering you'll hear:
 "Is this the man, who play'd us Karl's part,
 And shew'd us Nature with an Actor's art?
 It never can, but should it e'en be he,
 His only line is lower comedy;
 Nor must he dare in tragic scenes to soar,
 If this his aim, let him appear no more."
 See B— next as grim and dark as death,
 Who play'd in Rashleigh, and he'd play Macbeth;
 And play it well, his tragic form is fine,
 His voice contriv'd to suit the changing line;
 But still he's wanting in that native ease,
 That forms an Actor, and must always please.
 And therefore hearken, though unknown, my friend,

And hear a counsel, that a fool would lend,
 On trifling words, no emphasis retain,
 And when enrag'd, in modesty declaim:
 Study each gesture of the Protean stage,
 Gentle in love; but dreadful when in rage,
 Learn well these parts, and he that first is nam'd,
 Upon the list, e'er long by B— sham'd
 Shall yield the laurels and the buskins too,
 Nor wish to strut again in Shakespear's Jew;
 But give the honours when they're fairly won,
 By Shakespear's favourite, and Melpomene's son.

Now will I sing, a soft and sweeter strain,
 To shew the graces of the female train;
 But with those graces, let their faults be shewn,
 That both the sides may to the world be known.
 And foremost on the stage see one appears,
 Her form complete and much improv'd by years.
 Forward in Drama, eager to be seen,
 She'd grasp at Juliet, or at Henry's Queen:
 But guard the stage, and give her not the part,
 Where scenes of misery wring the feeling heart:
 Where Lovers cross'd, by some disaster driven,
 Mix in one soul and raise their sighs to heaven.
 To give her this by every power forbear,
 Lest we should hear her, whining out Lothair,
 Lothair! that word where all the passions rise,
 And all the soul's seen rushing to the eyes;
 Where every finer feeling is express'd
 And various tumults rage within the breast;
 But 'stead of these she'd neither joy nor sorrow,
 But hail'd "Lothair" as if she'd said "good morrow":
 "Good morrow he" with "ah! my dearest Citi,
 "But where last night! O I was in the pit,
 "Attracted thither by some scenes that please,
 "I see an Actress of the name of R—
 "Indeed, my dear, I happened to be there,
 "But left the boxes when she cry'd Lothair."
 Next H— comes, in humble Matty dress,
 Shines in our eyes, and reigns within our breast,
 Though homely clad, and from some rustic shade,
 She shines with lustre in the Scottish maid;
 That every grace that she can boast appears
 And youthfull dress adds beauty to her years.
 Here she may live, but move her out of this,
 She stands in danger of the poison'd hiss:
 But to escape it she must keep to one,
 And act in Matty and in her alone.
 What nymph is that angelic all divine?
 As Nemo* wished, so I, that she were mine,
 But O! she's young, and young as she appears,
 I've heard her judgement's riper than her years,
 So I will spare her, lest the tender flower
 That hardly buds should wither in an hour,
 And e'er be he that gains one fatal dart
 To wound a nymph that bears the name of H—

* Alluding to some observations made in the Journal under that signature.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

BUY	CALCUTTA.	SELL
2 a 2 1/2	On London 6 Months sight, per Sicca Rupees 2 a 2 1/2	
	Bombay 30 Days sight, per 100 Bombay Rupees 92	
	Madras ditto, 94 a 98 Sa. Rs. per 100 Madras Rupees *	
	Bills on Court of Directors 9 months date, 23 0 a 25 0 per cent. prem.	
	Ditto ditto, 14 ditto, 21 8 a 23 0 per cent. do.	

ASIATIC DEPARTMENT.

—93—

Local News.

Sporting.—We have been requested by the Stewards of the Races to mention that the First Calcutta Meeting has been altered from Monday the 8th to Monday the 16th of December next.

Magistracy.—We understand that S. Swinton, Esq. J. P. Larkins, Esq. and G. J. Siddons, Esq. have recently been put in Commission as Justices of the Peace.

Musical Entertainment.—The Fashionable World are about to receive a very high gratification, we learn, from a Concert for the benefit of Mr. Scheidlenberger, which takes place to-morrow evening, Friday, the 8th instant. On this occasion, Mrs. John Shakespear has, with great kindness, given to Mr. Scheidlenberger, the use of her elegant mansion; and the principal Amateurs of the Settlement have readily yielded to the Leader's request, in granting all the required assistance. The greatest attraction of the evening will, however, be in the aid so handsomely granted by several of the Ladies of the Presidency, both in Instrumental and Vocal pieces; and we sincerely hope that the benevolent intentions of those whose patronage has been so actively and practically shewn to Mr. Scheidlenberger will be fully realized, and that his reward will be commensurate with the pleasure which we may fairly anticipate the audience will derive from his exertions, aided as they will be by the most effective amateur combination that could be commanded.

Reply to Unus in Turba.

To the Editor of the Journal.

SIR,

Your Correspondent UNUS IN TURBA is wrong (I ask pardon for the flatness of the contradiction) in supposing I had any other view, than to shew the Writers of whom I spoke somewhat freely in my last letter, that they were not unnoticed by at least one of the community, the fairest portion, and which they laboured so industriously to vilify and abuse.

It is not my inclination to bandy terms with UNUS IN TURBA, however goodly set his may be in his own opinion, nor do I flatter myself that by entering the arena of public disputation, I should have much to brag of, when the victorious UNUS IN TURBA should desire me to invoke his clemency. I can boast of that which UNUS IN TURBA cannot—a good cause, not that I mean to array myself against UNUS IN TURBA or his host and friends, for what can I expect to gain, in competition with such, whose doctrines do as little honor to their heads, as their principles do to their heart? I will content myself in answering sundry points of UNUS IN TURBA's letter, not from any motive of attention to him, but to evince to your Readers, Sir, that there is a difference, and a very wide one, between the "brutalized opinions entertained by some men regarding women, and the respect which is ever willingly paid by those, (whose generosity of disposition disposes them to forget deficiencies or frailties) to companions, destined to be with them here, and perhaps hereafter."

UNUS IN TURBA says, "he almost spells your Paper," "derives much for serious reflection," much "general information" (and though last not least) "much to laugh at." Now, as folks contend, that it is better to make others laugh than cry, I am in this confession of the learned Theban's (to use his own epithet, or perhaps I should say "Doctor," for I think I smell a rat) his superior, inasmuch, as he would have me (albeit unused to writing) albeit used to the melting mood!

Mr. UNUS IN TURBA finds fault with my longitude of name; had I known that it would have caused his displeasure, before taking it, I should have found myself imperiously called on to request the honor of Master UNUS IN TURBA's standing in the responsible situation of Godfather to me; fully confident am I now, that his qualifications are of the proper order towards the fulfilment of one the paramount duties of a Sponsor, and I think, without claiming any great land for my penetration, that I could, under such an able Instructor, with little trouble, make considerable

progress, and finally arrive at the pinnacle of excellence, in the acquirement of "THE VULGAR TONGUE." "UNUS IN TURBA," says that I fling about the epithets, "base," "infamous" and "unmanly," and he tells us, what the sapient pig could have done, that "assertions are not facts." Who does he take the good folks of Calcutta to be? Children, in their parts of speech? Quoting a part of my letter, where I mention that if the "Scribblers were to think before they write, perhaps a latent spark of generous sensibility would light their lucubrations on a different course; no man possessing talents and acquirements will degrade himself by prostitution them to so vile a use." UNUS IN TURBA says: "Very strange, Sir, that this 'learned Theban' should have forgotten the writings of the very many men 'possessing talents and acquirements who have so 'prostituted' them, perhaps he never read those writings, if not, the fault is not mine, but I would wish to remind him of the excellent advice which he holds out to others; viz. "to think before they write" for let "those teach other who themselves excel." In answer to this, I have to say, many men act like fiends, though they still are men, I alluded to men of common honor, generosity, and honesty. Had I never read these writings I could not have known that they existed. I have no disposition to change my line of life, to become a Pedagogue; if I had, I should reserve to myself the selection of my Pupils, I would not choose UNUS IN TURBA for one; if indeed I found among them a character so abhorrent to all the better feeling of humanity, I would try to scourge the Devil out; failing in this, I would consign the miserable unfortunate, to merited contempt, and shew him as I would a pestilence. I am sorry for the sake of common decency, that UNUS IN TURBA has yet to learn, that "attacking" an unprotected female, he who she may, is "unmanly;" that "vilifying" her, is "infamous;" and that cowardly skulking behind the (not always sure) mask of concealment from whence he puts forth his slander is base. That my assertions are founded on facts, let UNUS IN TURBA look over the JOURNAL, and then let me hear him say, (unblushingly) that they, the vituperations, are not indecent, disgusting, and "without foundation" generally. I here crave pardon for my presumption when I request permission of UNUS IN TURBA to a flow me to dock the entail of his name, and to substitute for the whole, a part, or an abbreviation, and to address him U. IN T. I do not absolutely say he smells, but I think I can smoke him, as one who writes in the manner and mode I have denounced. By the bye, Sir, I have not seen your Correspondent YACOOB TONSON: I could without straining much prove by syllogistic argument, that a nearer relation subsists between YACOOB and "U. IN T." than a similarity of style, backed by an affinity of sentiments, and opinions. If I am wrong, I beg pardon, if I am right, the cap will fit.

U. IN T. owns that "my sublime is above his comprehension," and he supposes that "I must have been in the clouds when I penned it." If the first count is true, he cannot in common honesty venture to give his opinion; if I was in the clouds, I have the gratification of knowing that I was as near Heaven in the pursuit of a worthy action, as U. IN T. was to a lower place in the furtherance of a detestable one. I forgot to refer Mr. U. IN T. to the Correspondents under the Signatures of MODERATOR and SCRUTATOR; not forgetting my friend YACOOB TONSON; he may, U. IN T. look further back and read "LOOK BEFORE YOUR LEAP" "TYKE" and others lads of the same metal as their prototype U. IN T.

From U. IN T. it would be a barren hope, to elicit any thing like a generous feeling; thinking thus, I shall save myself the trouble of telling him what the virtues are, I conceive Woman to possess—U. IN T.'s word for her having none, is surely not more true than mine, which attributes them; at any rate my failings lean to *Virtue's side*, which is not the case with my adversary, who literally goes about seeking whom he may devour.

I am not a "whining vacant," as characterised by U. IN T. he cannot know that I am not a woman; but as I see no necessity to let him into the secret, I will on this occasion tell him no more than I think convenient. Women, I mean young ones, are more or less the subjects of vanity and caprice, but it would be hard, indeed, had they not some redeeming quality to balance in

the opposite scale; U. IN T. is incorrect when he says that I burl'd defiance against the vile, the base, calumniators of the Sex.

My very signature ought to have shewn him that I did not intend to throw down the gauntlet for his acceptance, or that of any of his tribe; I am not a Henpecked Husband with two attached Sisters-in-law; by the bye, any Gentleman situated thus, must, with his charge, feel themselves highly honored. U. IN T. has a peculiar felicity in paying compliments, which does infinite credit to his invention.

In conclusion, I beg to observe that the final paragraph of U. IN T.'s letter, speaks the writer's mind, most forcibly, though it perhaps derives much of its meaning from what goes before. His opinion of Women, is that of a sensualist, who thinks them not created, but made for his particular use; his last sentence is an apt finale to such a strain of unsophisticated abuse, as is easily to be seen is what is intended; the attack upon your humble Servant, is a paltry subterfuge, as is his signature. I wonder indeed that he allows so much as a moiety in Women to be any thing worth caring about, further than their ministering to the selfish qualifications of such as resemble "U. IN T." I dare say if he travels in the upper Provinces about Ajmere or ———, he will find creatures to hit his taste to a hair; and whose half civilized notions of their Sex's attributes, leave them just with enough to induce them to be subservient to the despotic pleasure of their Lord, so long as their interests requires, but not a jot longer. I hope for the credit of my opponent, that the Printer has made the mistake in "U. IN T.'s" letter but it is the only instance I ever heard of *Dulcinea* being spelled *Dulciana*.

In taking my leave, I beg to be understood that in this case I have been attacked; my aim was to reprehend the repeated assaults upon those who appeared unable to defend themselves. I was not individual in my remarks—on this score "U. IN T." has not done wisely, by his standing forth the champion of his party, he has identified himself as its leader, and should have perhaps taken for his motto "In hoc signo vinces;" were I to grieve my hand, it should have this for its sign—"Hoc Manus ininica Tyrannis."

I now promise to leave the field all to himself; where he may run riot as long as he chooses, my end has been accomplished; which was, to let these arrant Scandal-mongers know, that they were noticed, otherwise they would have proceeded with impunity from bad to worse. I beg your pardon, Sir, for the length of this, but your candour will allow that I have been provoked to reply this once; and if so I have little fear that your liberality will permit the insertion of this letter, which I deem in justification of my former one. A word to UNUS IN TURBA, before we part: should he ever be the Father of a Family, and ever experience the Hopes and Fears attendant on the charge which a Parent has to answer for to his God, his family, and himself, he will, I hope, think and act differently than he has done; if not, I would say to him, "U. deserve to be in T."

I am, Sir, your most obedient Servant,

AN ADMIRER OF THE SEX,
THO' NO QUIXOTTE.

Calcutta, Oct. 30, 1822.

CALCUTTA BAZAR RATES, NOVEMBER 5, 1822.

	BUY...	SELL
Remittable Loans,	Rs. 20 0	19 8
Unremittable ditto,	13 8	13 0
Bills of Exchange on the Court of Directors, for 12 Months, dated 31st of December 1821,	23 0	27 0
Ditto, for 12 Months, dated 30th of June 1822,	26 0	25 0
Ditto, for 18 Months, dated 30th of April,	23 8	22 8
Bank Shares,	4600 0	4500 0
Spanish Dollars, per 100,	206 0	205 8
Notes of Good Houses, for 6 Months, bearing Interest, at 5 per cent.		
Government Bills, Discount,		at 3-6 per cent.
Loans on Deposit of Company's Paper, for 1 to 3 months, at 4 per cent.		

Bell St. Joseph.

To the Editor of the Journal.

SIR,

Sometime ago, there were published, in your JOURNAL, hints, with respect to the propriety of commissioning out direct from England, any article of utility, for any Public Edifices, or Churches in this Town, instead of from Foreign Countries, as it would thereby be exempted from paying Import Duty, as a matter of indulgence. I beg, however, to point out an instance in which this would have been useful; namely, the case of the Bell, named St. JOSEPH, (which had thundered such deafening Peals, repeatedly, for these 2 days past, to a late hour at night!) This was brought from Portugal, incurring, consequently, a heavy Import Duty, levied on Foreign Bottoms, besides paying a enormous price for it in Portugal.

Your obedient Servant,

Q.—

Obituary Notices.

To the Editor of John Bull.

SIR,

The Medical Gentleman in whose character the Journalist professes to take such an interest will not forget that they have been called in question though his means only. It is very well to shift the blame on the sender of the obituary announcement. But it is to be remembered that it merely stated the uncontradicted fact that timely Medical assistance was not obtained. The conversion of that fact into a charge against the Garrison Medical Staff was the sole work of the Journalist and his mischief making Correspondence.* It is doubtless of much importance that the writers of obituary articles should be correct in their facts and they are not likely to be mistaken, but it is of more important that the Editors of News Papers should pause before they insert unauthorized insinuations against respectable individuals and wantonly drag the private sorrows of an honorable man before the public. Perhaps the interference of the Governor of Fort William may be traced to complaints, of those violations of propriety and feeling rather than to an interest in what passes in the public prints. The Journalist has some reason to know that the Government are not always indifferent to what passes in the public prints, he will do well to keep this "satisfactory fact" present to his recollection.

LEVI.

* We reprint this merely to shew what gross and palpable misrepresentations still find a place in the BULL. It never contained a more utterly unfounded charge than this:—and we shew our own contempt of it, by printing it only for the contempt of others.—ED.

Steam Engine.

To the Editor of John Bull.

SIR,

I went to see the working of the Steam Engine at Chandpaul Ghant yesterday evening, and have no doubt but I should have received much pleasure from the perfection of its mechanism, if my attention had not been immediately engaged by discovering at least 2 dozen children and their Ayahs and Hirearrabs walking, and carried round every part of the machinery and wheels, not to mention standing round the fire place and boiler, and crowding on the brink of a well at least 40 feet deep.—In short, all the servants entrusted with children, instead of taking them to walk along the Esplanade, had, to satisfy their own curiosity, carried the little innocents into the most dangerous place for them that can be imagined.—A corner of a shawl or wrapper caught by a wheel would instantly have been death both to servant and child.

I take this opportunity to caution parents against allowing their children to be carried in that direction, till orders are given to exclude all children, or at all events, till the railings and parapets are completed, so as to prevent any thing coming in contact with the works.

I am, Sir, Yours

Calcutta 5th November, 1822.

A BEACON.

Administrations to Estates.

Mrs. Cecilia De Mello e Silva, late of the Town of Calcutta, Widow, deceased.—Mr. Francis De Silva.

Captain Edward Craig, late of the Honorable Company's Bengal Military Establishment, deceased.—Alexander Colvin, Esq.

Oriental Magazine.

Prospectus of a new Periodical Work, to be entitled the Oriental Magazine, and Calcutta Review of Domestic and Foreign Literature.

The Proprietors of the ORIENTAL MAGAZINE and CALCUTTA REVIEW, in submitting the Prospectus of their Work to the Public, will confine themselves to a very brief detail of the objects, which it has in view.

It is intended to attempt supplying what appears to be still a desideratum in India—a Publication issuing from the Press, at convenient intervals, and devoted principally, if not entirely *Literature and Science*. A Work upon the same plan was undertaken at this Presidency in 1818; but laid aside after the Publication of the first six numbers. The support, with which the ASIATIC MAGAZINE and REVIEW was favoured, emboldens the Proprietors of the ORIENTAL, to hope for a Liberal share of patronage and encouragement from the Public; and the arrangements which they have been enabled to make when lately in England, warrant the assurance on their part, that under its new name, the Work will be more deserving than even of Public countenance.

The Proprietors of the ORIENTAL MAGAZINE are far from maintaining that Public attention is not attracted to Literary and Scientific Subject, in the Weekly and Daily Journals of the Presidency: but they are of opinion, that these subjects are so unavoidably mixed up with Miscellaneous and Domestic matter, as to be with difficulty accessible to the reader: while they often come accompanied by much, which is of a nature to be neither permanently interesting nor instructive.

It is also worthy of remark, that the laborious and important avocations, in which the Servants of the Honourable Company and others in this country are engaged, cannot fail to prevent many, from perusing the more Voluminous Works, from which their acquaintance with subjects of GENERAL LITERATURE is to be kept up; while it is obviously of the first consequence, towards both their intellectual enjoyments in India, and their influence and respectability at home, that this acquaintance should be maintained. The Proprietors of the ORIENTAL MAGAZINE will attempt the accomplishment of this object so far as a Periodical Work can be expected to meet it; and in the pages of what may be termed its ORIGINAL DEPARTMENT, will be found a series of Articles, written exclusively for the present Work; and giving a Synoptical view of the subjects, included under GENERAL LITERATURE—such as *General History—Political Economy—Principles of Law—Rhetoric—Belles Lettres*, &c.

A REVIEW of such Works published in Europe, and in India, as are deemed worthy of notice will from a leading Department in THE ORIENTAL MAGAZINE. In this Department the proprietors flatter themselves with being able to make their Readers acquainted with the general merit of Works, which may not themselves fall into their hands; but of whose character and reception by the public, they would be sorry to be altogether ignorant.

LITERARY, and SCIENTIFIC NOTICES will likewise hold a prominent place in the ORIENTAL MAGAZINE; and from the steps which the Proprietors have taken to procure these Notices from England, they venture to assure those, who may patronize and support the work, that they will not be found to disappoint the expectation, which on this particular branch of their labours they may excite.

In the department devoted to ASIATIC LITERATURE, the Proprietors have received the most encouraging promises of support, from Gentlemen, already well-known as Oriental Scholars; as well as from learned Natives, who are anxious to contribute to the success of the Work: and they are satisfied, that their invitations to other Orientals to enrich their pages, will not be made in vain.

The Proprietors likewise promise to their Medical Friends such occasional Views of the PROGRESS of MEDICAL SCIENCE, both in Europe and India, as they feel confident, from the sources that supply them, will be found particularly entitled to attention.

A Monthly SUMMARY of POLITICS will keep the Reader of the ORIENTAL MAGAZINE acquainted with the Public events, happening in Europe and in India. A PARLIAMENTARY REGISTER will from a Record of the proceedings of the British Legislature; while the DEBATES at the INDIA HOUSE will not be overlooked.—Occurrences, which come not properly under the heads of *Literature or Politics*, will be find an appropriate corner under that of MISCELLANIES; while the Civil and Military Reader will learn the progress of *Change and Promotion in the Service*, from the PUBLIC ORDERS of Government, to which room will also be assigned.

COMMERCIAL, and METEOROLOGICAL Tables—BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, and DEATHS—ARRIVALS and DEPARTURES, will close every number.

The First Number of the Magazine will appear in January—the Work will be published monthly at Five Sicca Rupees per number and each Number will contain 100 to 120 pages.

Orders for the ORIENTAL MAGAZINE and CALCUTTA REVIEW, will be received by MR. THACKER, and Communications addressed to the EDITOR, at St. Andrew's Library.

Madras News.

Madras, Oct. 22, 1822.—The homeward bound Ship NANCY has not yet arrived, although she left the River on the 1st instant—the delay has probably been occasioned by the unusual prevalence of Southerly Winds at this Season—for the last four days it has blown steadily from the South East quarter. Very stormy weather appears to have been experienced at the head of the Bay during the latter part of the past month. Letters have been received announcing the loss of the Ship MAHOMED SHAW, Captain Oliver, which left this Port on the 19th of August. This vessel foundered off Jaggernaut, and very fortunately the CLYDE fell in with her and took the people out when her lower hold was nearly full of water.

The homeward bound Ship KENT was spoken at the Sand Heads dismantled. She had experienced a dreadful gale, but intended to continue the voyage.

The PROVIDENCE has nearly discharged her Cargo, and will continue her voyage for Bengal on Thursday or Friday.

The Ship YORK, SIR EDWARD PAGET, and HIBERNIA were loading for Madras, and were to be dispatched soon after the PROVIDENCE.

An obliging Correspondent has transmitted the following description of a singular appearance in the Heavens:—

“A curious phenomenon was observed at Calicut, on Saturday evening the 12th current. About 20 minutes before Sunset appeared the brightest Rainbow I ever remember to have seen. The inner and the outer bows were most clearly defined, and the firmament of clouds was such, at the moment, that the arch was perfect throughout its whole extent: even to the very horizon. Within the inner arch and leaving no interval between it (nor also each between the other, in succession), were five other bows. Of these, the order of the colors of none were inverted; the red colour of each being united with the violet of its exterior one; but the breadth of each interior bow was in a decreasing ratio, the whole breadth of the six bows being about three that of the common Rainbow. It was the most beautiful and interesting sight imaginable. At the time, a small drizzling rain was falling: indeed so small, as scarcely the hand being exposed, to be perceptible to the touch. There was not a breath of wind at the instant of observation.”

By letters received from Goa we are informed that official accounts have been received in that City of the declaration of the Independence of Brazil. We have been favored with copies of the Proclamations and other documents on this interesting occasion, which at a season of greater leisure we may find time to translate and publish. These gratifying accounts were conveyed to Goa by a Ship which left Rio de Janeiro in July.

We have letters from Mangalore, stating that there has not been such a vast fall of rain in the memory of the oldest inhabitant as this year. The rains too still continued to pour at the date of our latest letters—the 15th instant.

The Honourable the Governor returned on Saturday morning from his extensive tour to the seat of Government. The usual Salute was fired on this occasion. We are happy to add that the Governor and all his party have arrived in the best health, notwithstanding the excessive rains to which they have been exposed during the greater part of the journey. Lady Munro and Lady Grey arrived from Bangalore yesterday.

Sir Willingham Franklin, who, as before announced, has been appointed a Puisne Judge of His Majesty's Supreme Court of Judicature at Madras, landed from the PROVIDENCE on Friday Morning under the salute due to his rank. A special Court will be held this forenoon at 11 o'clock, when the new Judge will be sworn into Office, and commence his judicial functions.—*Courier*.

Marriage.

At Chicacole, on the 7th of September, 1822, by P. CAZALEY, Esq. Collector, Lieutenant GOOLD, 1st Battalion 19th Regiment, Native Infantry, to Miss ANNE SOPHIA DOWDEN.

Deaths.

At Dinapore, on the 28th ultimo, Mr. JOHN OLDENOW, Conductor in the Ordnance Commissariat.

At Delhi, on the 5th of Sept. EMMA JANE, the infant Daughter of Captain H. WHITTENLEY, 2d Battalion 38th Regiment Native Infantry, aged 10 months and 29 days.

At Broach, on the 6th of October, ANDREW BURNETT, Esq. Collector and Magistrate of that District, aged 26 years.

At Kattywar, on the 16th of July, JANE, the infant Daughter of Dr. CORNWELL, aged 11 months and 29 days.

Distress in Ireland.**ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE FUND.**

Malda Subscriptions.		Names.	Sums.
Names.	Sums.		
Wm. Pringle,	50	Robert Syme,	50
J. Lamb,	50	A Friend of the Irish, ..	50
Dookee Ram,	2	J. W. Laing, one month's	1150
John Alexander,	50	J. Mellis,	50
Wm. Alexander,	32	C. B. Francis, Esq.	100
David B. Nicol,	20	C. Albancy,	45
John Brown,	30	A. Wilson,	50
R. H. Haett,	16	Ensign G. Irvine,	100
John Russell,	50	Lt. Col. W. Franklin, ..	50
George Hasted,	16	A. Reid,	50
J. Andrew,	50	C. Pandazy,	100
D. W.	50		
Subscriptions realized by		Total,	2461
G. F. Collins, at Syl-			
het,	150	Sums already subscribed	90,590
Lt. Col. F. Drummond,			
Invalid Establishment,	100	Grand Total,	93,051

The Committee assembles, to-morrow morning, (the 8th), at 9 o'Clock, at the Town Hall.

B. ROBERTS, Treasurer.

To the Committee, &c. &c. &c.

GENTLEMEN,

Amidst the variety of business in which I have been involved, I omitted to tell you that I had forwarded to Messrs. Coult and Co. by the Ship ASIA, the first of a set of Bills for £3000 on the Court of Directors, with the following Letter. I wrote with reference to the letter which inclosed £4000 by the Ship ADRIAN, a Duplicate of the Bills for which went by the ASIA.

To Messrs. Coult and Co.

SIRS,

Since writing the foregoing Letter, we have been enabled to procure Bills to the amount of £3000 more, which you will be so good as to hold subject to the order of the Committee of Subscribers, &c. as before. This letter covers the 2d of Four Bills on the East India Directors for £1000 each, and the 1st of three Bills on the East India Directors for £1000 each, making in all seven thousand pounds.

I am, Sir, your obedient humble Servant,

Calcutta, the 25th } (Signed) F. MACNAGHTEN, Chairman
Oct. 1822. } of the Calcutta Committee.

I have thought it proper to supply you with this information, for I am sure it will be a great satisfaction to the Subscribers at large, to be apprised that no time has been lost by us in our efforts to insure the most beneficial effects from this country.

Upon this occasion it would be unjust to our Treasurer, Mr. Browne Roberts, if I omitted to state that we have been enabled to make these early remittances by his kindness and liberality in procuring Bills of Exchange before the amount of them had been collected from the Subscribers.

I am, Gentlemen, Your faithful and obedient Servant,

Wednesday, 6th } (Signed)
Nov. 1822. } F. MACNAGHTEN.

P. S.—I have forwarded to Mr. Roberts, our Treasurer, to be submitted at our next Meeting, a letter from Mr. John Wm. Laing, by which it will appear that (with the exception of a stoppage made on account of the Civil Fund,) he has subscribed the whole of a month's allowances towards the relief of our suffering Countrymen.

(Signed) F. M.

Shipping Arrivals.**CALCUTTA.**

Date	Names of Vessels	Flags	Commanders	From Whence	Left
Nov. 6	Francis Wardeu	British	W. Webster	Rangoon	Oct. 18
6	Venus	British	G. Dawson	Madras	Oct. 7

MADRAS.

Date	Names of Vessels	Flags	Commanders	From Whence	Left
Oct. 15	Lady Flora	British	G. Vine	Manritius	Sept. 25
17	Providence	British	S. Owen	London	May 28

Shipping Departures.**CALCUTTA.**

Date	Names of Vessels	Flags	Commanders	Destination
Nov. 5	Bombay	British	H. Humphreys	Bombay

MADRAS.

Date	Names of Vessels	Flags	Commanders	Destination
Oct. 15	Horatio	British	J. Budwell	Malacca
15	Dolphin	British	G. East	Calcutta
15	Diana	British	F. Gaulier	Vizagapatam
16	Roza	British	J. Anderson	Colombo
16	Lady Flora	British	G. Vine	Calcutta

Stations of Vessels in the River.**CALCUTTA, NOVEMBER 5, 1822.**

At Diamond Harbour.—H. C. S. ASTELL,—LADY RAFFLES, on her way to town.

Kedgerree.—CAMOENS, (P.) inward-bound, remains.

New Anchorage.—H. C. Ships PRINCE REGENT, ASIA, DORSETSHIRE, and WARREN HASTINGS.

The LORD WELLINGTON (P.) arrived off Calcutta yesterday morning.

Nautical Notices.

We are happy to communicate to the Public, that Letters have been received from the Ship PROVIDENCE, which state, that she left the DAVID SCOTT at the island of Madeira, when she sailed from thence on the 23d of June. The same causes that retarded the PROVIDENCE, have of course retarded the DAVID SCOTT. But her arrival now may be daily expected, as she was not likely we understand to touch at Madras.—John Bull.

Births.

On the 5th instant, the Lady of JOHN SHUM, Esq. of the Civil Service, of a Son.

At Delhi, on the 1st ultimo, the Lady of Captain WROTTESELY, 2d Battalion 28th Regiment of Native Infantry, of a Daughter.

At Colabah, on the 15th ultimo, the Wife of Mr. G. F. ANDREW, late second Officer of the Ship LORD CASTLEREAGH, of a Daughter.

At Bombay, on the 7th ultimo, Mrs. ROBERTSON, of a Daughter.

Deaths.

On the 6th instant, JOHN FOSTER, Esq. late of the Firm of Messrs. CARNEGIE and FOSTER, of Malacca, aged 39 years.

On Tuesday last, the 5th instant, by a sudden and fatal attack of Palsy, PHILIP LEAL, Esq. aged sixty-nine years, eleven months, and twenty-five days, leaving a disconsolate Wife, and a sorrowing Family of Children, Grand Children, and more distant Relatives, to bewail the severe stroke that has deprived them at once of a Husband, Father, and Friend. His Coffin was borne to the place of Interment, on the shoulders of his Sons, assisted by a few Friends, who were anxious to testify, by this last, mournful, and voluntary act of true Friendship, the affectionate esteem in which the memory of the deceased was held by them. His Pall was supported by his afflicted Daughters, and Grand Children, accompanied by a numerous body of Friends, whose disinterested attachment had outlived the wreck of his once better fortunes and happier days, and whose unfeigned regrets speak more emphatically than language can do, the genuine worth of the character they now lament. He was a tender Husband, an affectionate Father, a sincere Friend, and an unaffected Christian. Failings he may have had: they are the ordinary attributes of frail human nature,—and who is exempt from them? Let such, if any such there be, "cast the first stone."

On the 5th instant, Mr. JOHN WILKINSON, aged 28 years.